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JANUARY

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Papas**



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BARRY**
ON LEN BARRY

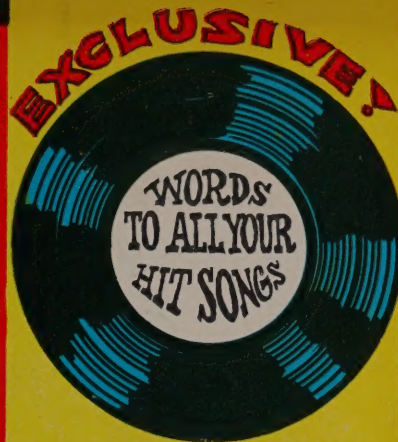
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and the
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SMASH
HIT!!!**



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DON'T BE A DROPOUT

AIN'T GONNA LIE

A SATISFIED MIND

GO AWAY LITTLE GIRL

THE GREAT
AIRPLANE STRIKE

YOU DON'T HAVE TO PAINT
ME A PICTURE

DEVIL WITH A BLUE DRESS
& GOOD GOLLY MISS MOLLY

I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT
TO DO WITH MYSELF

I CAN'T CONTROL MYSELF

ALL I SEE IS YOU

LITTLE MAN • 19 DAYS

IF I WERE A CARPENTER

FA-FA-FA-FA-FA

THE HAIR ON MY
CHINNY CHIN CHIN

I'VE GOT TO DO A
LITTLE BIT BETTER

HAVE YOU SEEN YOUR
MOTHER, BABY, STANDING
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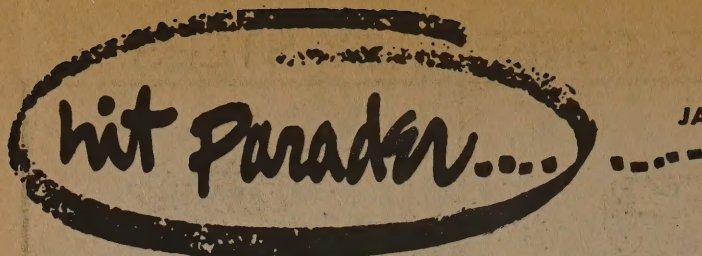
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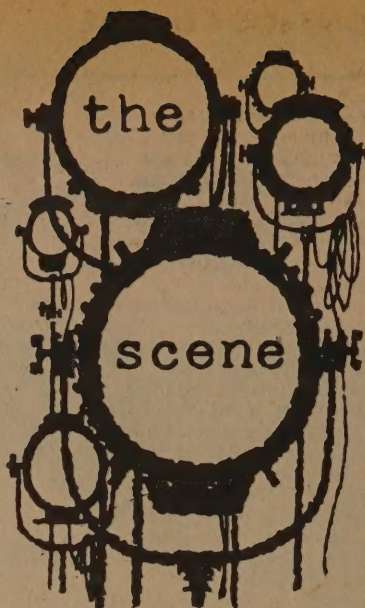


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WATE-ON



You think you know everything, have seen and heard everything, and perhaps find yourself relaxing in that confidence. The day begins with "Blonde On Blonde" and ends with "Revolver". In-between there is a frustrating, anxiety-ridden mentality that wastes so much time keeping up with what's new. A hair style, an article of clothing. Sonny & Cher are cute. (But goodness, they're passe, aren't they?) "You see, I want to be an artist - express myself - that's why I'm going back to school to study interior decorating". Good for you. An English professor at a leading American University uses comic books in his contemporary lit. class. And people are actually listening to Leary and Alan Ginsburg. Hogwash, baloney, balderdash, blech, trivia ad nauseam. "Everybody's hustling just to have a little scene." Didn't someone once say that the insects would rule the world? It's amazing how much noise ants can make. They bellow and scream and prance about.

Meanwhile, way up north, where it's colder than the imagination can imagine, where it's too cold for a white man to send his press releases, an Eskimo is in search for meat to feed his babies. His only concern is survival. Deep beneath the ocean a scientist photographs an immense footprint of something no one knows about. Archeologists uncover an Egyptian tomb and discover among the mummified king's belongings...a primitively constructed battery that still works. And suddenly, when the absolute last word in music is the Beatles, we hear an album released some years ago called "Music of Bulgaria" on the Elektra label. This small country is supposedly populated by backward, unsophisticated farmers. It's quite unnerving. Nobody can deny these are the most exciting times to be living in, but, on the other hand, we know so very little about any time at all. Arf, arf.

And now our time machine descends into the jungle. We breathe the air and it's all right. Chortle chortle, yukka yukka sounds of jungle beasts fill the thick air. Ha, ha, Peabody. Look - there's a cave. Let's go in. And in we go, and there's 5th Ave. at a complete dead stop. As we woosh downtown on the sliding people belt - suddenly the Washington Square Arch looms ahead. Musty air, pterodactyls, and complete silence have descended upon Greenwich Village. The Ghost of Friday and Saturday night past is long gone. The People Belt turns right and there at the end of 4th Street, tucked among the towering chromium machine temples, is the Night Owl - intact, undisturbed and quite silent. We push the door open and it crumbles into little pieces. Inside, the room is aglow with a great warmth. Joe Marra is leaning on the counter with his eyes closed and a smile on his face. He is listening to Zal Yanovsky, sitting at a table, pick-



ing out a happy-sad John Hurt tune on his guitar. When he finished, we applauded, remembering that he was the best rock guitarist of the 1960's. He is, you know! □

●DON'T BE A DROP-OUT

(As recorded by James Brown &
The Famous Flames/King)
BURT JONES

Now a good friend of mine
Sat with me and he cried
Told me a story, I know he hadn't lied
Said he went for a job
And then the Man said
Without an education you might as well
be dead
Now don't get me wrong
He said it's not who you are
But people come to me from near and
far
I do just work
And I follow my rules
I didn't have no education
So I had to go back to school.

My friend told of his buddies that he
loved so well
And of their personal troubles I do not tell
Now those guys didn't seem good and
they didn't seem bad
They didn't seem so happy and I know
they weren't sad.

But the point is this
That they followed the rules
They got an education and they all
finished school
Now underneath his tears
I could see the true facts
When he dropped out of school
He never, never went back.

Got to, got to, got to listen now, now
Without an education
You might as well be dead.

So one day he got tired of his little
spending change
So he looked up his friends and checked
their pay range
When he got there the clerk found that
he was a drag
'Cause man they were clean and his
clothes were like rags
One was a business man with plenty of
dough
Had his thing so set up he knew he
couldn't blow
The other had his job so uptight
Had his whole family and his kids all
out of sight
(Repeat chorus).

Well what made him so hurt that these
were his friends and he was a drag
They looked at him and he was in the
same old bag
For his friends they worked real hard
when they worked their way through
Now he realized he should have done
the same thing too
(Repeat chorus).

They kept on pushing when the going was
tough
And now they know that things don't
seem so rough
So kids stay in school and don't be a drag
Take a fool's advice and stay out of that
bag
(Repeat chorus).
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Co.

●SOMEBODY LIKE ME

(As recorded by Eddy Arnold/RCA
Victor)

WAYNE THOMPSON
Your baby loves you now
So don't make her blue now
You better start being true now
I'm tellin' you why
Because if you break her heart
Somebody's gonna come along
And he'll steal her away from you
Somebody like me.

Let me tell you friend
I'm not buttin' in
But I think it's such a sin
If you don't treat her right
Because if you break her heart
Somebody's gonna come along
And he'll steal her away from you
Somebody like me.

She wants to be held tight now
Each and every night now
You better treat her right now
I'm tellin' you why
Because if you break her heart
Somebody's gonna come along
And he'll steal her away from you
Somebody like me.

I hope you listen to now
Each word that I told you now
These things you'd better do now
Or you won't have her long
Because if you break her heart
Somebody's gonna come along
And he'll steal her away from you
Somebody like me, will steal her away
Somebody like me.
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Music, Inc.

●I'M YOUR PUPPET

(As recorded by James & Bobby
Purify/Bell)
**OLDHAM
PENN**

Pull a string and I'll wink at you
I'm your puppet
I'll do funny things if you want me to
I'm your puppet
I'm yours to have and to hold
Darling, you've got full control of your
puppet
Pull another string and I'll kiss your lips
I'm your puppet
Snap your finger and I'll turn you some
flips
I'm your puppet
Your every wish is my command
All you've got to do is wiggle your little
hand
I'm your puppet
I'm your puppet.

I'm just a toy, just a funny boy
that makes you laugh when you're blue
I'll be wonderful do just what I'm told
I'll do anything for you
I'm your puppet, I'm your puppet.

Just pull them little strings and I'll sing
you a song
I'm your puppet
Make me do right or make me do wrong
I'm your puppet
Treat me good and I'll do anything
I'm just a puppet and you hold my
strings
I'm your puppet
I'm your walking, talking, kissing,
loving puppet
I'm hanging on a string, I'll do anything.
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●YOU ARE SHE

(As recorded by Chad & Jeremy/
Columbia)

**CHAD STUART
JEREMY CLYDE**
Somewhere in the shadows of my mir
(I know there is)
I know there is a girl who waits for n
Who only needs my touch to live and
am sure that you are she.

So walk to me and take me by the ha
(And lead me to)
And lead me to the bright untarnished s
There give me love and share my dream
And then I'll know that you are sl

Don't ever know the color of your hr
But once I see you standing there
I will know you instantly
So if you're in the fields across the w
(And wondering if)
And wondering if you dare come up to e
Don't hesitate, don't be afraid
For I will know that you are she.
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●SAID I WASN'T GONNA TELL NOBODY

(As recorded by Sam & Dave/St.)

**DAVE PORTER
ISAAC HAYES**
You're so much a woman
I don't worry 'bout a thing
You are a bushel full of lovin'
That makes my heart sing
And just the look in your eye
Can make a young man cry
Said I wasn't gonna tell nobody
But I couldn't keep it to myself.

Well, I'm so proud
I really wanna scream out loud
The urge to talk is getting stronger
I said I wouldn't advertise
But baby you're quite a prize
Said I wasn't gonna tell nobody
But I couldn't keep it to myself.

Your love is hotter than the hottest fire
And as shocking like an electric fire
Said I wasn't gonna tell nobody
But I couldn't keep it to myself.
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Inc.

●GIRL ON A SWING

(As recorded by Gerry & The Ace-
makers/Imperial)


BOB MIRANDA
I stand out of sight and watch the
light
From the sun shines through he hair
From yonder she came
I don't know her name
Still I love that girl on a swing.

Girl on a swing, swing high,
Girl on a swing, swing low
Take all the hate from the wor that
we're in
Girl on a swing, swing high,
Girl on a swing, swing low
And you can cast all your troubles
to the wind.

She comes with the light
Then goes with the night
My heart just yearns
But then comes the dawn and she
returns,
(Repeat chorus).
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Music Corp.

PAUL REVERE

THE GREAT AIRPLANE STRIKE



I was down in L.A. town when our manager said, "jump!"

I threw my clothes and my saxophone in a two by four bit trunk

I pushed it to the airport and I ran to the ticket line

The man said, "Son, you could have saved the run, those airplanes just quit flying."

If I can't leave here I just might stay
And that L.A. tower is gonna be my home.

I ran to the terminal building that's supplied by my airline

The man said I could ride the wing and I said that was fine

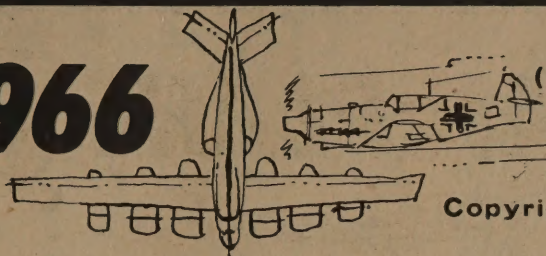
He said, "I confirmed your reservation and put the plane on hold."

He come back, he said, "Sorry but that wing space just been sold."

If I can't leave here I just might stay
And that L.A. tower is gonna be my home.

AND THE RAIDERS SING THEIR SMASH HIT!

OF 1966



(As recorded by Paul Revere and the Raiders/Columbia)

by MARK LINDSAY

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I walked into the washroom and I built myself a fire
I threw on lots of paper and the flames kept getting higher
The janitor came running in so scared his face was white
So I explained my situation, he said, "That's alright."
If I can't leave here I just might stay
And that L.A. tower is gonna be my home.

Next day I thought that I would leave so I packed my things again
I waited for three hours for the taxi to come in
Spotted one that wasn't full and I threw myself in fast
The driver said, "I'm sorry but this taxi's out of gas."
If I can't leave here I just might stay
And that L.A. tower is gonna be my home.



The MAMA'S



- 1) Zal, Jim Hendrix, Cass and Denny of the Mugwumps.
- 2) Zal and John formed the Lovin' Spoonful to play blues.
- 3) Then, Cass and Denny joined John and Michelle.
- 4) During Hootenanny time, Cass was in the Big Three.

The MAMA'S and The SPOONFULS??!!

The LOVIN' PAPA'S ??

There were never any groups with those names, but two of the Mama's and Papa's and two members of the Lovin' Spoonful were in a group together before they became really famous.

Cass Elliott, John Sebastian, Denny Doherty and Zal Yanovsky, along with Jim Hendrix, were the Mugwumps. They were the world's first Folk Rock group playing electric instruments.

Several years ago Cass was part of The Big Three, a folk-singing trio. Zal and Denny were in the Halifax 3. John Sebastian was 18 years old and playing guitar for folksinger Valentine Pringle. They'd all known each other for a year or two.

In the Spring of 1964 The Big Three and The Halifax 3 both broke up, mainly because Cass and Denny wanted to work together and travel around and see the country. Jim Hendrix from the Big Three joined the group and so did Zal. John Sebastian played harmonica and guitar with them, but he didn't sing.

"We were the first folk group to use electric instruments, long before the Byrds were a germ in anybody's brain," Cass told us. "In fact, when we were working as the Mugwumps in Washington, D.C., we heard that Jim McGuinn and David Crosby were putting together a Folk Rock group out on the West Coast. At that time they called themselves the Jet Set."

The Mugwumps had a record on Warner Bros entitled "I Remember Tonight", which nobody remembers, and they worked together all summer.

The Mugwumps manager fired John because he considered him a bad influence on Zal. John and Zal wanted to play blues all the time. Today, that same manager, Bob Cavallo, manages the Lovin' Spoonful. That's show biz.

When John left the Mugwumps, everyone cried a little. In the fall the group broke up, everyone returned to New York, John and Zal got together and started playing the blues and lots of other groovy music. Bob Cavallo liked what he heard. Cass and Denny joined forces with John and Michelle Phillips and the rest is history.

& The PAPA'S

HOW I WRITE SONGS

by PAPA JOHN PHILLIPS

I usually write songs about situations we're involved in...and the people that we're running with at the time and what's happening to us. The songs seem to be real. We can relate to them and sing them better if it's about an actual situation that's happened to us.

"California Dreamin'" was written when I was starving at the Earle Hotel in New York and I wanted to jet away from the cold winter weather and go to California very badly.

"Monday, Monday" was written right after Michele and I had a big fight. Kill each other and then leave. Double suicide or something.

But songs don't all have to be about specific situations. They can be vibrations...the way things are going. They don't have to involve us personally.

"California Dreamin'" is one of my sentimental favorites because I wrote it a long time before we recorded it... a couple of years. A lot of people wanted to record it, but I wouldn't let anyone record it until we were ready to do it.

I do the vocal arrangements on all our records. Sometimes we work them out in rehearsals, but sometimes I just give out the parts in the recording studio. You can get a more spontaneous feel that way.

We use the same musicians on all our recording sessions. I'm the only one in the group who plays an instrument. We begin our instrumental tracks with myself on guitar, a bass, drums and piano, organ or harpsichord. Our rhythm section is Larry Knechel on organ or piano, Joe Osborn is our bass player and Hal Blaine is on drums. We play together like we've played together all our lives. There's a Country-Swing feel to some of the things we do. It's because these guys are Southern musicians who have come to Los Angeles.

They don't read music. We just . We just do spontaneous things and it comes out great.

I got interested in music after seeing "The Al Jolson Story", with Larry Parks. I got so hung up on that movie when I was a kid. I know more people who have seen that movie seventeen times.

I never realized that I really wanted to be a musician until I was almost already one. It sort of snuck up on me.

When I was in 7th or 8th grade, a friend of mine played ukulele and he taught me a few chords.

I played guitar when I was going to the U.S. Naval Academy. They took my guitar away from me. Then I knew that I wasn't for that system, so I left the Naval Academy and started writing lyrics, singing songs and arranging.

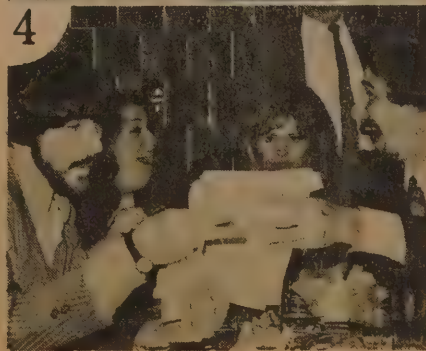
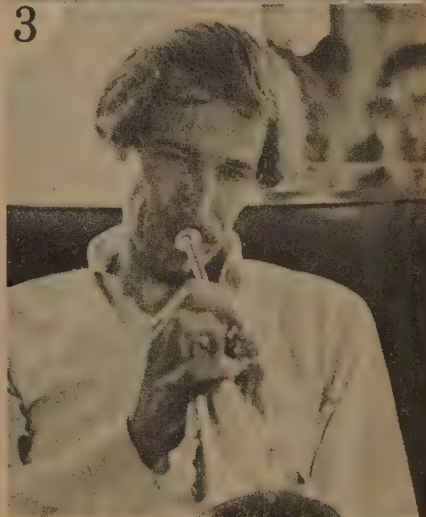
Another thing about the Naval Academy, when you're a plebe, you can't date for the whole first year. The girl that you're going with comes to the Tea Dance and you pretend you don't know each other and you dance and it's all such a big phony thing.

We were always marching, too. But I was such a misfit...ha-ha.. It was unbelievable.

When I left Annapolis, I went to New York, after bumming around a while. I went to the Brill Building one day. I had my guitar and all these songs... no demos or tapes or anything..I went knocking on every music publisher's door asking "Can I sing you a few songs?" That's not the way you do it.

Then I met a guy named Charlie Ryan, a manager, who was very helpful to me. He lent me some money and helped me develop the things I was working on.

Eventually, I made it to California, we formed the group, recorded "California Dreamin'", and here we are. □



- 2) John wrote "California Dreamin'" during a very cold New York winter.
3) John tunes up on the wretch horn.
4) Gang chuckles over income tax.

The MAMA'S & The

1



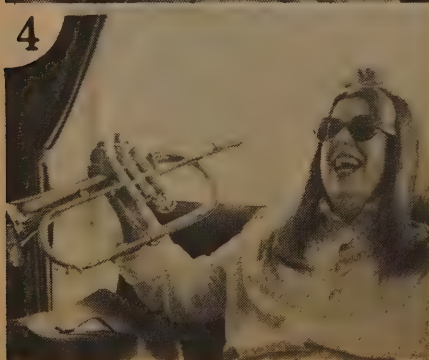
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3



4



- 1) Cass Sang operas as a child.
- 2) Checking valves on the wretch.
- 3) A little test blast.
- 4) Proud of herself, Cass will co-star in "Girl With The Wretch Horn".

THE 15 YEAR SILENCE OF CASS ELLIOTT

Way back, when we were hanging around the Night Owl in Greenwich Village digging The Lovin' Spoonful and Fred Neil and Buzz Linhart, a roly poly young lady who was the M.C. told us, "You'd better interview me because someday I'm going to be famous."

She dropped out of sight before we could set up an interview. Later we learned that she had gone to California to join a new group.

A few months later she had indeed become famous as Cass Elliott of the Mama's & Papa's.

The last time she was in town we finally got the interview.

DON: How did you get interested in music?

CASS: My parents used to sing, not professionally though. The first piece of music I really remember was "Nutcracker Suite". The second piece was "Peter And The Wolf", which I still love with a passion. During the war there was a record "Myrtle The Turtle". It was about a defense plant turtle who went to work for the war effort. I liked that song.

We sang opera around the house because my father was an opera fanatic. He used to make up words in any language just to fit with the music.

DON: How did you start getting more seriously involved in music?

CASS: I haven't. Actually, I became an actual, living, working, breathing participant when I was about 4 years old. There used to be a kiddie show that came from Baltimore called "Saturday At The Hippodrome" in a movie house. They used to go down into the audience and pick people to do things. I sang "Don't Fence Me In".

Then I had the longest professional slump in the history of the world. I didn't sing for another 20 years. Actually for about 15 years I didn't sing a note professionally. I figured I had done so well at the Hippodrome I didn't want to spoil my reputation.

I didn't really start singing again until after I left college...which I attended for 6 weeks. (Ed note: American University in Washington, D.C. in case any alumni are reading this.)

At college I met Tim Rose, leader of The Big Three, and sang with them. Then I was in the Mugwumps with Denny and Zal Yanovsky and John Sebastian. (Ed note: See separate article in this issue for details on the Mugwumps.) When the Mugwumps broke up, everybody came back to New York from Washington, D.C.

DON: I remember when you used to be the M.C. at the Night Owl.

CASS: That was when I had just returned from the Virgin Islands. I worked at the Night Owl for two dollars every other night and a hamburger every day.

When we came back from England, I went back to the Night Owl to see Joe Mara. He was crying and he offered me a job as M.C.

DON: Did you see any groups in England that impressed you?

CASS: Well, I've always liked the Hollies. When they first came to America last year, they had a record that was #1 in England called "I Can't Let Go". It's one of the greatest records I've ever heard in my life. I never heard it over here. When I was in England, I heard it. It was one of the largest selling records there.

I can't understand why it took the

PAPA'S



- 1) Cass and old buddy, Zal, discuss sounds of the golden wretch.
- 2) Cass lives in Hollywood.

Hollies so long to get established over here. They've had 12 records in the Top Ten in England. They're a good group.

DON: Was there anything about England that you didn't like?

CASS: There's a practice in Europe, particularly in England, that I can't condone. They cover records. When an American record comes out, a British artist will do it with the same arrangement, often the same sound, and it'll sell more records than the original version.

Our music is so individual. When the Mama's and Papa's do a record, it's ours. If anybody covered one of our records, I would raise absolute Cain... or hell, in fact, even.

I realize the music business is highly competitive and some people will do anything to succeed. But, if somebody works awfully hard to write a song and do an arrangement and tries to present himself in the best way he can, if someone in England or France or wherever covers the record as soon as it comes out, it just isn't fair. ☐



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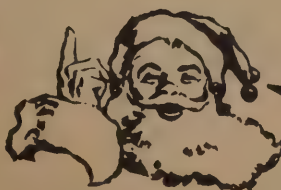
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SPOON

The Little Teenie



Steve's parents owned a resort in Pennsylvania. "So I didn't have too many friends."



"We all played cops and robbers," says Zal. "I was always the robber."

STEVE BOONE

Steve Boone is the quietest member of the Lovin' Spoonful. On stage he's the least buoyant, and in a conversation his contributions are few. Semi-long quotes come about from a ratio of one question per sentence.

"What are some of the things you did as a child?" I asked of Steve and he replied with his typical all-encompassing answer, "Everything there was to do in the whole wide world."

Fact is, while he didn't really do everything, he spent the early years of his childhood at the resort his parents owned and operated in Pennsylvania.

"Everything I did had to be within about a one-mile radius. One of the features of my folks' resort was that you could 'get away' for a weekend. Well, that was putting it mildly.

"Outside of the little community it was like a wilderness. So, I didn't have too many good friends. All my friendships lasted about two days."

It was only natural that Steve would



Steve never outgrew his passion for cars. As a child, much of his time was spent making models.

FULS!!!

become interested in the sports that were popular at the resort. His favorite Christmas present he recalls as "a hunting suit. I don't know why it was the best, I just liked it. Maybe it's because I still remember it now." Hunting became a number one activity.

Before moving to his current home (and favorite) on Long Island in New York, Steve's family spent six months in Florida. The days were hot, there was no work for a boy of Steve's age, and he began water skiing and sailing.

He smiled, "I've always been crazy about speed. While I was in Florida, I used to watch the speed boats and I'm getting my own soon!"

Throughout his teen years, Steve was unenthusiastic about school. "I never liked to read. I've only read through about five books. I've read 'A Tale Of Two Cities' and 'Silas Marner' which were required in school. I've read a few short stories.

"Right now I'm reading a book - the title is something about 'Streamlined Tangerine' - I can't remember. It's just written about today by a very aware person."

Following high school, Steve spent a year and a half in college, probably because at the time he couldn't think of anything else to do. "I soon got bored and quit."

His interest in music was not noticeably aroused until he was 17 years old. "I was given a guitar for Christmas - that's when I started playing. I taught myself.

"I never had a formal education in music, I just picked up the different instruments I play. I've learned most everything I've tried. I'm still learning."

One thing Steve never outgrew was his passion for cars. When he was a youngster, making model cars took up much of his time.

"I loved all kinds of cars - model cars, amusement park cars, little red fire engines. My favorite car in the whole wide world is the Ford GT 40. My only hang-up is I have no time to race!"



ZAL YANOVSKY

When you ask Zally, of the Lovin' Spoonful, about his childhood days, the great Yanovsky recalls them much too vividly. The entire time you keep hoping he's joking, saying to yourself: "This can't be for real....can it?"

Take as an example a simple question like "what games did you play as a child?" Zally will gaze into space, drag on his cigarette, look you straight in the eye and say: "Death! That's when you get the little Italian kid on the block and you kill him!"

But how about the usual children's games like cowboys and Indians? No, Zally didn't play the usual games because he wasn't what you'd call the "usual child".

"We played cowboys and ichiebums. Either you were an ichiebum or a cowboy. Ichiebum is like an injun. You run around and shoot each other. We all played cops and robbers, which speaks for itself. I was always the robber."

Zal grew up in Canada on the third floor of a triplex apartment. More than

"We played cowboys and ichiebums. Either you were an ichiebum or a cowboy. An ichiebum is like an injun. You run around and shoot each other. We also played a game called 'death'."



anything else he remembers a not so friendly neighbor, "the witch", Mrs. McD. "She was horrible! She was rotten! We used to break her windows and tear out her flowers."

When they weren't harassing Mrs. McD, summer found Zally and friends playing volleyball and baseball and swimming in the gutter. In the summer it got really hot, so the city would open the fire hydrants and the water would run into the streets. "That's how we 'maintained our cool'."

{Continued on next page}

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Another pastime was going to the museum. "I'd go and play with the dinosaurs. There were signs all over that ordered 'Do Not Touch', but I knew all the guards and they let me play in the dinosaur displays and I'd climb all over 'em! I knew them intimately."

There were two presents that Zal loved - one, a monkey named Culmer and the other a blond wig. "My father gave me a blond wig because I loved pulling hair and I was always pulling his hair or my hair. So he bought me the wig and I pulled all the hair out of it. It was heavenly."

Though he hated school and did poorly in his academic subjects, he excelled in sports. In fact, he won several medals in high school for track and field competition. That was the same year he was dreaming of one day becoming an archaeologist.

There was a period when he collected postage stamps but soon grew tired of the hobby.

His father would take him to art galleries when he was only four years old, but the little he took in had no lasting effect. "I can't even doodle on phone books now," he moans.

Next month, we'll go back a few years and visit with John and Joe. □



! SPOONFUL WHO'S WHO WINNERS !



Well, here we are announcing the winners of the Lovin' Spoonful contest. We thought it would be nice to run the winners along with the Teenie Weenie Spoonful story. You can clearly see which one is Zal and which one is Steve. The first prize winner, who will receive personal gifts from the Spoonful, plus all their albums personally autographed, is:



Jana Sweeney
61 Shawmut Ave.
South Swansea, Mass. (02777)

The 3 second prize winners to receive autographed albums of "Do You Believe In Magic" and "Daydream" are:

Raleigh Brothers
2113 River Forrest Dr.
Mobile, Alabama (36605)

Robert Rosinia
5515 W. Quincy St.
Chicago, Ill. (60644)

Rita Yeagy
206 Windind Dr.
Alexandria, Ind. (46001)

The ten additional winners to receive the latest Spoonful single are:

Sylvia Dapson
561 Northside Dr.
Lexington, Ky.

Suzan Reed
90 Harmony Rd. So.
Oshawa, Ontario, Canada

Debbie Stevens
3312 S. 81st Ave.
Omaha, Nebr. (68100)

Laura Roderick
5663 San Felipe
Houston 24, Texas

Kathy Smith
204 Suburban Rd.
Knoxville, Tenn. (37919)

Adelia Suarez
2005 Katherine St.
Port Huron, Mich. (48060)

Maury Middlebrooks
502 North 20th Ave.
Pensacola, Fla.

Jimmy Blair
281 Alexandria Ave.
Spartanburg, S.C.

Sharon Glasser
30 Altamont Rd.
Edison, New Jersey (08817)

Laura Maxwell
440 44th Way
Long Beach, Calif. (90807)

BEATLE DREAMS

(CONCLUSION)

by Alan Smith

JOHN LENNON

John Lennon is characteristically blunt about his dreams. They used to concern wealth, position and power.

Most of his sleeping hours are devoted to fantasies about everyday life, Beatles' recording sessions, songwriting, and so on. But there have been times when they have had an obvious and deeper meaning.

He told me: "Some of my most vivid dreams were about me being in a plane, flying over a certain part of Liverpool. It was when I was at school. The plane used to fly over time and time again, all the while going higher and higher.

"There wasn't anything special about the plane, and I don't really remember anything about any other passengers. It was just the being up there.

"For a long time I didn't understand why I had this dream. It didn't seem to make any sense.

"Then it dawned on me. It was probably a subconscious urge to get above people, or out of a rut, or something. I used to mess around at school, but I must have had ambition without realizing it.

"Anyway, I got out of my rut; and I try not to fly any more!"

He leaned back on a sofa and shuffled a king-size smoke from an American cigarette pack called "Lark."

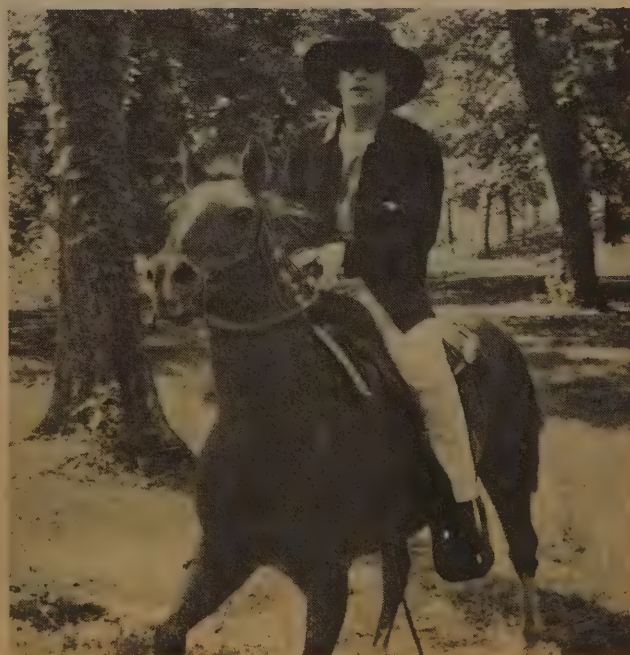
"Ave one," he volunteered. "They're good -- American. I 'ave 'em sent in." (All the other Beatles smoke Lark, and occasionally Peter Stuyvesant.)

"The thing is," he went on, "these are dreams of the past, and I don't really remember the ones I have now. I don't know why that should be. Perhaps it's just that they're sharper when you haven't got so much to think about. There were some I used to have repeatedly.

"One really big one was about thousands of half-crowns all around me, and finding lots of money in old houses and just as much of the stuff as you could carry. I could never carry enough.



John used to dream of piloting an airplane over Liverpool, but he tries not to fly any more. Money dreams are in the past.



{Continued on next page}



Paul walks around wearing his funny underwear.



"George and I used to go on holidays before we were in the Beatles. We used to hitch-hike to sunny places." Paul dreamed of being rich then.



John consults his image in the mirror and a ghost from the past looks surprised.

{Continued from last page}

"I used to put it in my pockets and in my hands and in sacks, only I could still never carry as much as I wanted."

Suddenly he roared laughing, and then he cleared his throat apologetically: "I don't have that old dream any more -- so that solved that, doctor!"

John never gets visions about the future in his sleep, but he is fairly confident about the way he wants to spend his time when there are no tours or films.

He told me: "Songwriting, recording and writing books, that's the way I see it goin'. I'll never just sit back and do nothing.

"And as I like singing and playing," he added with deliberation, "I'll just go on until I drop.

"One thing I luv is readin', and if I'm not doing cartoons or something, then I'm going through about seven books at once. Quite often I'm wading through a story till last thing at night.

"I'm going to have to watch that, because one day one of 'em might bring on a nightmare. And I've never had one of those. Not yet."

PAUL MCCARTNEY

"This is James Paul McCartney Esquire," he said, as I began to take notes, "and yes, I do dream."

"Every time I sleep I 'ave a dream. I 'ave some good 'uns and a lot of bad 'uns. But that's the reason you dream, isn't it? - to get rid of all the nasty thoughts you've been storing up throughout the day."

"Actually, from what I read, dreams are supposed to be a sort of release from tension and reality. All your subconscious troubles come to the surface."

"But, you know, all sorts of ideas go through my own mind while I'm asleep; things you wouldn't expect. Not long ago I had one where I was queuing up at a labor exchange, shuffling along the line waiting to get me dole money."

"I've also dreamt about violent death and times when I've needed to run for my life - but I think that kind of thing happens to everybody at some time or other. It's an insecurity thing."

"I think I'm pretty normal in that I don't remember too much about them, once I wake up. I might recollect a dream for just a few minutes over breakfast."

"After that it just goes right out of my mind, and I spend the rest of the day thinking: 'What was that exciting dream you had last night, Paul? Come, on man, what was it?'"

"Usually it's no use. It's forgotten forever."

"Occasionally I have a dream so memorable or frightening that I just can't forget it, and I've 'ad a few like that about flying. I've dreamt I'm up in the air and the plane keeps going to crash, or the weather's bad and we're being rocked about all over the place."

"I also have the normal ones everybody has, about being caught in the street in my underwear. But everybody has them, don't they?.....according to Freud!"

"Once upon a time I used to dream about holidays a lot. I suppose it was when I yearned to be famous and have pots of money. There I'd be, lyin' in the sun like a millionaire, with me toes ticklin' in the sand and me hand reachin' out for an ice-cold coke."

"Then I'd wake up."

He had been sitting astride a chair the wrong way round. Suddenly he stood up and swivelled it forward. Then he sat down again and cupped his chin in his hand in a pose like a piece of Greek sculpture.

"The funny thing is, George and I used to go on holiday to sunny places at that time - in real life, that is - but we used to get there by hitch-hikin'."

"We had hardly any money and we used to take haversacks filled with tins of Ambrosia creamed rice and a little portable meths stove



"Occasionally, I have a dream so memorable or frightening that I can't forget it. I've dreamt I'm up in the air and the plane keeps going to crash."



for cooking with. Not for drinking; I haven't drunk that stuff yet!"

I asked him to tell me about a dream he might have had the night before.


He started laughing. "I can't really; not the one I had last night, that would definitely get an 'X' certificate, that one!"

"I like dreamin', y'know. I 'ave a good time, dreamin'. In fact I just like being in bed."

"It's great."

"Best place on earth, folks!" □

RECORDING



Sandbags, rags slurping about in buckets of water, and Beatles blowing bubbles through straws – these were some of the hilarious sights and sounds at EMI's St. John's Wood studios the day Ringo and Co. recorded their top-of-the-charts "Yellow Submarine"!

As recording manager George Martin told me this week: "It must have been one of the most unusual Beatles' sessions ever...more like the things I've done with the Goons and Peter Sellers. The boys loved every minute of it.

"The sandbags? Well, we needed all kinds of sound effects, and these were bumped about while John blew bubbles, and George made swirling sounds with the water.

"I think it worked out very well indeed.

"Then, of course, there was the brass band. This wasn't a sound effect on tape – the band was right there in the studio, not to mention a massed chorus made up of anybody and everybody who happened to be around at the time.

"This means you don't just hear Ringo and the other Beatles singing on 'Yellow Submarine'. You hear Patti Harrison, studio staff, sound engineers, faithful road managers, Mal and Neil; and even me!

"I was keen that the track be released in some way apart from the album, but you have to realize that the Beatles aren't usually very happy about issuing material twice in this way.

"They feel that they might be cheating the public. And, of course, there is also the question that it might affect sales.

"However, we got to thinking about it, and we realized that the fans aren't really being cheated at all. Most albums have only 12 tracks; the Beatles always do 14! (in England)

"So even with 'Yellow Submarine' and 'Eleanor Rigby' released as a single, everyone is still getting value for money."

Incidentally, John isn't speaking through a bottle when he repeats Ringo's words in "Submarine". This idea didn't work out, so Mal evolved an ingenious method by which the words were spoken through John's guitar amplifier.

Another interesting point about the "Submarine" session is that the basic music track was recorded without George

"YELLOW



Martin's supervision. He had a touch of 'flu for several days and the Beatles decided to go ahead and record themselves. But George stepped in for those crazy finishing touches that make "Submarine" one of the most unusual discs of the year.

About "Eleanor Rigby", George says: "This was done very much on the lines of 'Yesterday'. Paul came round to my flat one day. He played the piano and I played the piano, and I took a note of his music.

"There is also an octet on the record, made up of four violins, two violas and two cellos."

George once again made it clear that there are NO secret, unissued Beatles tapes in case of emergency. Everything the Beatles have recorded has been released.

"It has to be this way," he emphasized. "The demand is so strong. It is difficult even keeping up with it."

Right now he is busy completing yet another of his famous albums of orchestral versions of Beatle tunes. This will be released in America within a few weeks, but not in Britain until about Christmas. Title may be "Girls And Things".

This, he explains, is because most of the tracks are on the lines of "Anna", "Eleanor Rigby", "Girl" and "Michelle". "Girl" (which George describes as "possibly John Lennon's greatest composition") has been given a "Zorba the Greek" flavor, complete with a bouzouki George brought back after his recent honeymoon.

"Woman" has been done with a more sophisticated bayone rhythm; and "Eleanor Rigby" has the same tempo as Paul's version, except that the sound is bigger.

I asked George if the success of "Yellow Submarine" might mean a flow of comedy discs from the Beatles in the future.

"I don't think so," he replied, "The Beatles don't think in terms of trends, or even singles. Every record is something different, something original.

"If a comedy idea comes up again, then I'm sure they'll try it - because they've always had plenty of humor anyway. But I don't know.

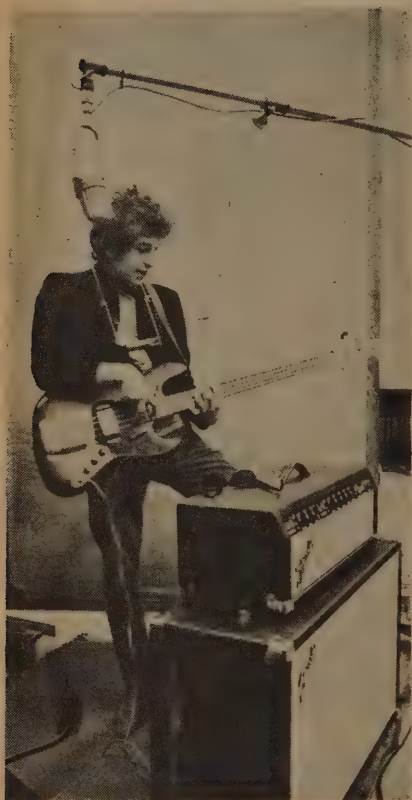
"Anything can happen with the Beatles!" □

SUBMARINE"

by Alan Smith

UNDERSTANDING

by PAUL WILLIAMS



A folk program played Bob's "Tribute To Woody" followed by Guthrie's "So Long, It's Been Good To Know You".



Perhaps the favorite indoor sport in America today is discussing, worshipping, disparaging, and, above all, interpreting Bob Dylan. According to legend, young Zimmerman came out of the West, grabbed a guitar, changed his name and decided to be Woody Guthrie. Five years later he had somehow become Elvis Presley (or maybe William Shakespeare); he had sold out, plugged in his feet, and was rumored to live in a state of perpetual high (achieved by smoking rolled-up pages of *Time* magazine). Today, we stand on the eve of his first published book (*Tarantula*) and the morning after his most recent and fully-realized LP (*Blonde on Blonde*).

Who is Bob Dylan, and — this is the question that is most incessantly asked — what is he really trying to say? These are not, as such, answerable questions; but maybe by exploring them we can come to a greater understanding of the man and his songs. It is an approach to understanding that we offer you this essay.

Everyone knows that Dylan came east from the North Country in 1960, hung around the Village, and finally got a start as a folksinger. If you're interested in biographical information, get a book with the ridiculous title of *Folk-Rock: The Bob Dylan Story*. The authors' attempts at interpretation of songs are clumsy; but the factual portion of the book is surprisingly reasonable (there is no such word as "accurate"). The book perpetuates a few myths, of course (for instance, the name "Dylan" actually comes from an uncle of Bob's and *not* from Dylan Thomas); and it has its stylistic stumblings. But for just plain (irrelevant) biographical info the book is worth your 50¢.

There are a few things about Dylan's past that are relevant to understanding his work (or to not misunderstanding it), however, and these appear to be little known. His roots are deep in country music and blues: he lists Curtis Mayfield and Charlie Rich among the

musicians he admires most. But he did not start out as a "folksinger", not in the currently accepted sense. From the very beginning his desire was to make it in the field of rock 'n' roll.

In 1960, however, rock 'n' roll was not an open field. The songs were written in one part of town, then sent down to the recording companies in another part of town where house artists recorded them, backed up by the usual house bands. A country kid like Dylan didn't stand a chance of getting into rock 'n' roll, and it did not take him long to find that out. The only way he could get anyone to listen to him — and the only way he could keep himself alive — was to start playing the coffee-houses. This got him a recording contract and an interested audience, as well as a reputation as a folksinger, and it was one of the luckiest things that ever happened to him. First of all, it put him under pressure to produce; and nothing better can happen to any young writer. Secondly, it made him discipline his songwriting, and though he may have resented it at the time, it was this forced focusing of his talents that made them emerge. You have to learn the rules before you can break them.

But it was inevitable that "folk music" would only be a temporary harbor. "Everybody knows that I'm not a folksinger," he says; and, call him what you will, there is no question that by the time *Another Side of Bob Dylan* appeared he was no longer thinking his songs in terms of simple guitar accompaniments (to a certain extent, he never had been). He was straining at the bit of folk music's accepted patterns, and fearing, perhaps rightly so, that no one was interested in what he wanted to say any more. But then "Tambourine Man" caught on, and people began responding to him as a man and not as a politician. The light was green: he'd been working very hard on a very important song, and he decided he was going to sing it the way he heard it. That was "Like A Rolling Stone", and its success meant

BOB DYLAN.....

that from now on he could do a song any way he wanted. "I knew how it had to be done," he says, "I went out of my way to get the people to record it with me."

It was a breakthrough. He was into the "rock 'n' roll field" for real now, but, of course, he is no more a "rock 'n' roll singer" than a "folksinger." He is simply an artist able to create in the medium that for him is most free.

This background is discussed only because there continues to be so much useless misunderstanding, so much talk about "folk-rock", so much discussion of the "old Dylan" and the "new Dylan". Until you, as a listener, can hear *music* instead of categories, you cannot appreciate what you are hearing. As long as people persist in believing that Dylan would be playing his new songs on a folk guitar instead of with a band, except that recording with a band brings him more money, they will fail to realize that he is a creator, not a puppet, and a creator who has now reached musical maturity. Dylan is doing his songs now the way he always wanted to do them. He is a bard who has found his lyre, no more, no less; and if you're interested in what he's saying, you must listen to him on his own terms.

It is my personal belief that it is not the artist, but his work, that is important; therefore, I hesitate to go too deeply into the question of *who* Bob Dylan is. Owl and Churchy once had a fantastic fight over whether a certain phrase actually fell from the lips of Mr. Twain, or Mr. Clemens. And someone has pointed out that nobody knows if the *Odyssey* was written by Homer or by another early Greek poet of the same name. Perhaps I don't make myself clear. I only want to point out that if we found out tomorrow that Bob Dylan was a 64-year-old woman and a proven Communist agent, we might be surprised, but the words to "Mr. Tambourine Man" would not change in the slightest. It would still be the same song.

To dispel any doubts, Mr. Dylan is not a 64-year-old woman or an agent of anything. I met him in Philadelphia last winter; he is a friendly and straight-forward young man, interested in what others are saying and doing, and quite willing to talk openly about himself. He is pleased with his success; he wanted it, he worked for it honestly, and he's achieved it. We talked about the critics, and he says he resents people who don't know what's going on and pretend they do. He named some names.

It is difficult to be a critic; people expect you to *explain* things. That's all right if you don't know what's going on...you can make up almost any clever-sounding explanation, and people will believe you. But if you do understand a poem, or a song, then chances are you also understand that you're destroying it if you try to translate it into one or two prose sentences in order to tell the guy next door "what it means". If you could say everything that Dylan says in any one of his songs in a sentence or two, then there would have been no point in writing the songs. So the sensitive critic must act as a guide, not paraphrasing the songs by trying to show people how to appreciate them.

One problem is that a lot of people don't give a damn about the songs. What interests them is whether Joan Baez is "Queen Jane", or whether Dylan dedicated "Tambourine Man" to the local dope peddler. These people, viewed objectively, are a fairly despicable lot; but the truth is that all of us act like peeping toms now and then. Dylan himself pointed this out in a poem on the back of *Another Side*. He wanders into a mob watching a man about to jump off the Brooklyn Bridge; "I couldn't stay and look at him/because I suddenly realized that/deep in my heart/I really wanted/to see him jump." It is a hard thing to admit that we are potential members of the mob; but, if you admit it, you can fight it — you can ignore your curiosity about Dylan's personal

(Continued on page 56)



Above, Bob and Mike Bloomfield listen to a play back during "Bringing It All Back Home" session.



EXTRA! THE ENGLISH SCENE by...

FACES 'N FILMS

Three British pop faces are making their debut in films at the moment as straight actors/actress. And I am looking forward to seeing all three.

The first on my list is easily 'The Privilege' starring ex-MANFRED PAUL JONES and model JEAN SHRIMP-TON. Briefly it is the story of the rise and fall of a pop star in the 1970's, how he is exploited and manipulated

by managers and how, eventually, he turns to religion and tries to convert his fans (who think of him as a demi-God!). But PAUL doesn't like the last bit - he thinks it's a bit 'sick' - and if he gets his way it will be changed. "Obviously everything is exaggerated for the screen but it is basically the truth!" said PAUL. The film is directed by PETER WATKINS, who made 'The War Game' - a controversial documentary about the devastation of nuclear war that made 99% of

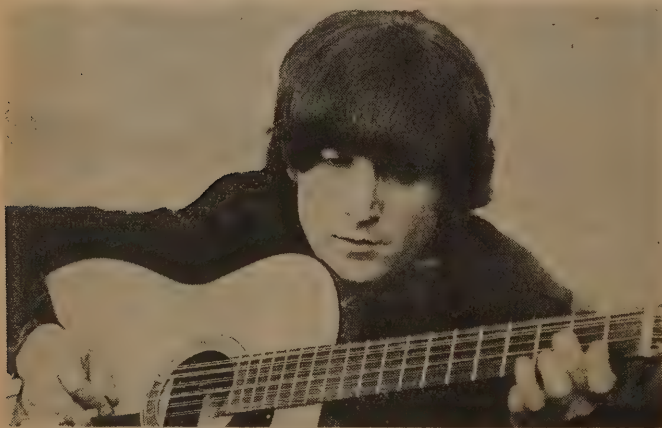
the people who saw it sit up and begin to think. With all this in mind I think 'The Privilege' will pack a powerful punch - revealing the 'behind the scenes' tensions of a pop singer!

News that took London by surprise recently was that BEATLE JOHN accepted a part in DICK LESTER's 'How I Won The War'. This film is NOT a BEATLE film - only JOHN has a part in it. Said LESTER in London, "Whilst working with JOHN on 'Hard Day's Night' and 'Help' I got to know him well and felt that there was in him a potential straight actor." LENNON plays a soldier in a platoon of eight and the film is a comedy about the second world war. Most of September and October will have been spent by JOHN filming on location in Germany and Spain. But the BEATLES will be together again after that to start preparing their Christmas LP; and in January they start work on their third film - but it is thought that LESTER won't be able to direct due to other commitments.

I always felt that if any BEATLE embarked on a solo film it would be RINGO - maybe he will be next...I hope so. Another pop face to debut in films is the bouncy Scottish lass LULU. She has just finished filming 'To Sir, With Love' with SIDNEY POITIER. I've read the book, which was a very poignant story about a coloured teacher and his struggle to establish himself in a tough school in the East End of London... needless to say, he comes out on top and is a greater influence on his pupils than the other staff on theirs! I'm awaiting the film with anticipation - it should be very moving...



P. Jones, "The Privilege". Poitier, "To Sir With Love".



We look forward to seeing John in "How I Won The War"

BEATLES CHUFFED

The BEATLES were very chuffed when they returned to London. There had been NO announcement in the press as to the time of their return, and yet there were fans at the airport when they came in at 6:30 a.m. Over 100 of the fans had spent the whole night at the airport!



SONNY & CHER

SONNY & CHER hit London recently for a short promotional visit for 'I Feel Something In The Air' and 'Little Man', their latest records over here. I went up to R.S.G! to see them, but got caught up with the MINDBENDERS (which I didn't object to by any means!). After the show I got a lift in their convoy to rush to the theatre where they were doing two live shows, their first in Britain, for charity. It is the opinion of many of the faces who were at the concert that Friday night that the duo should have been given a really big place - like the Royal Albert Hall - to do a big production show. Instead it was rather like one night on an ordinary package show - although S & C did have all the second half to themselves except for a short warm-up by a new group, THE FLEUR DE LYS.

The image that the duo project on TV of togetherness is great - but I thought it would be lost in a large theatre - I was so wrong, they are so natural and relaxed that there were no barriers between the audience and artists.

There were so many faces in the audience - every time I turned round I saw someone else! - that the fans played it very cool and actually listened and then applauded like mad at the end of each number! But the duo should have had a standing ovation! They were fantastic.

After the show everyone - well nearly - trooped backstage and made arrangements to meet at the CROMWELLIAN for a rave up... I met up with the duo's publicist SIMON HAYES, who was very kindly going to give me a lift to the Crom, but we had to go via S & C's hotel to drop some of their things in. We ended up staying about an hour and CHER played her new LP 'Cher' to me; it's very good listening...

Unfortunately they were too tired to join the party when Simon and I cut out to the CROM. It was packed down there and everyone was raving about the concert. I left quite early as I was so tired, but apparently a rave night was had by all!

SONNY & CHER plan a country-wide tour here in the new year and everyone who missed their Finsbury Park show is looking forward to seeing them...and I want to see them again.



Miranda Ward chats with Sonny & Cher, who did a charity show while promoting "Little Man" in London.

PATTI'S MINI

Crossing the road the other day just outside my house when a bright tangerine-colored mini flashed by, being driven by a girl who looked just like PATTI BOYD. I thought it couldn't be her - that she wouldn't have such an obviously colored car - It is unique! But I suddenly had my doubts, it certainly looked like her! So I rang the NEMS Press Office, they knew nothing about it, but then checked for me, and I was RIGHT...it is a supped up tangerine mini!!!



NEWS OF ALAN PRICE & HIS SET

ALAN PRICE cut out of the ANIMALS over a year ago now because of his fear of flying. I went on a gig with the boys to see how they were after their two big chart successes - 'I Put A Spell On You' and 'Hi Lili Hi Lol'.

They were playing at Windsor's Rikitik club - a club renowned for raving R&B and blues artists. The audience is terribly blasé (a 'we've seen it all before' attitude). But on this occasion they crowded round the small stage to dig PRICEY. And the SET's drummer ROY MILLS drove the audience wild with his drumming in 'Watch Gonna Do'.

PRICEY is knocked out with the way things are happening for him and the boys. At the

moment he hopes that ERIC BURDON might do a few gigs with him whilst getting his own scene together.

"I know exactly how ERIC felt about the split - after all, I went through the same heartache! But it wasn't so bad for me - I didn't have to think that by my quitting I might ruin the scene for the others; after all ERIC is the figurehead of the group." AS far as ALAN and America go, if they get good offers they will go, but only if they can travel by boat, which is good as it would mean a short holiday - they haven't had one for a long time because things have been happening so much recently! The boat scene, I hear, can be cool - so it's worth going, if only just for that! □

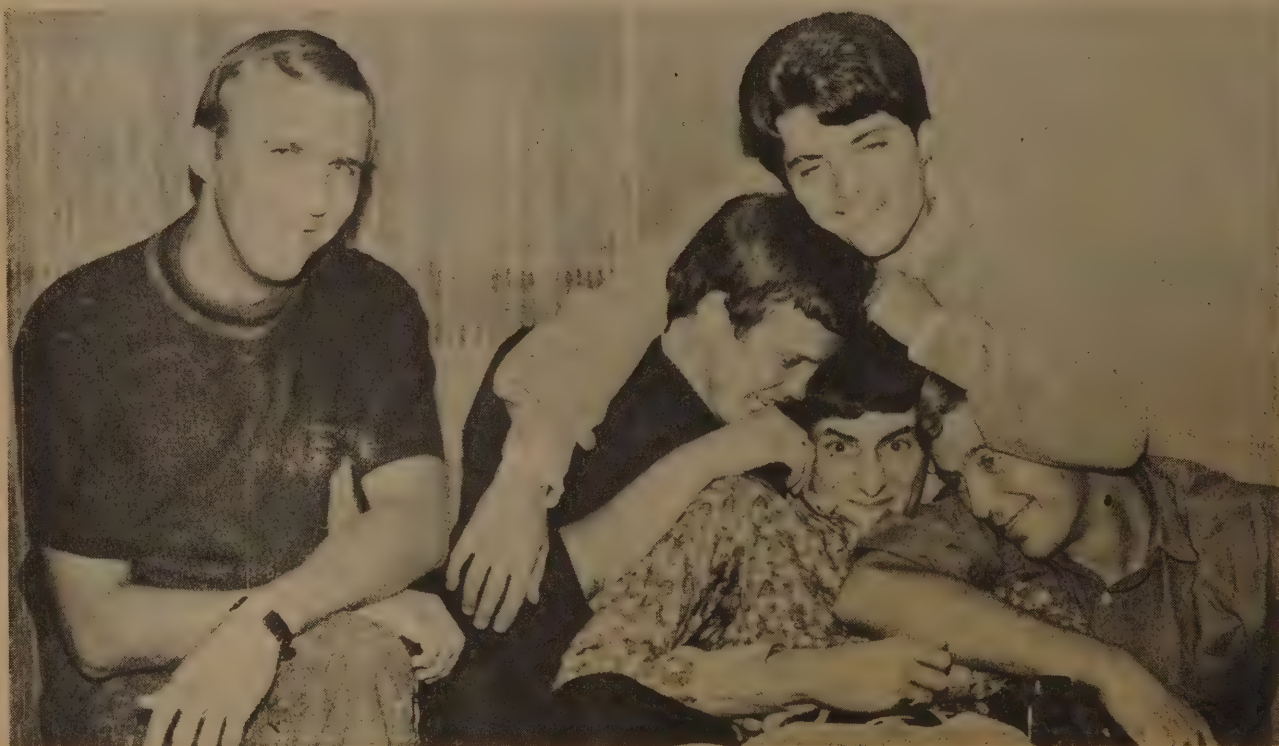


Left to right, Mindbenders, Eric, Rick and Bob are seen discussing contract details with Jack Baverstock, recording manager for Fontana Records in England.





GARY LEWIS



Aren't Gary and his friends silly? They're always beating up on their leader. That's not nice.

When Uncle Sam gets a hold of Gary Lewis in December, his fans will still have a steady supply of new records to keep them warm. Gary and the Playboys have been spending lots of time in the recording studio stockpiling songs for the long cold winter.

The other day Gary told us where he gets his material and how he records it:

"First, songs are submitted to Liberty Records. They send them over to our producer, Snuff Garrett. We get some

stuff from people who've never written a song before. A lot of them are usable. Like "Sure Gonna Miss Her" was the first song the guy had ever written. He sent it and we liked it.

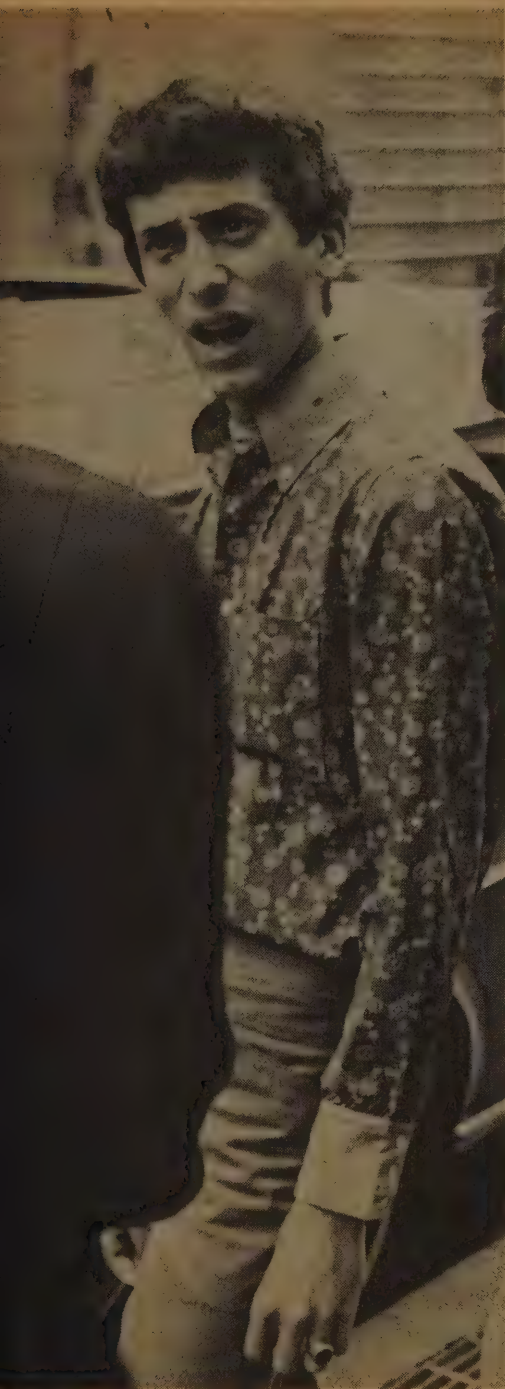
"After the material is sent to our producer, he plays it and sees if he likes it. Then he calls me in and plays it for me to see if I like it. If we both agree on it, we get our arranger in on it and if we all think it's okay, we go and cut it," said Gary.

"All this happens at least a month before we record because I like to get way ahead.

"We rehearse the songs the night before we record so they'll still be fresh in our minds. We knock off a single and a B side in three hours. That's quick for a single.

"I like to record after 8:00 at night because there are usually not many people running around the studio then."

"Are there any songs you particularly enjoyed doing?" we asked.



A bunch of studio guys hang around and listen.



Gary asks his arranger, "What's that C sharp doing there?"



The arranger writes in a couple of bars at Gary's suggestion.

"C'mon you guys, leave me alone."

"Well, naturally, *"This Diamond Ring"* because it was the first time I had ever been in a studio," Gary admitted.

He usually spends at least 4 or 5 days every month in the recording studio. Everyone fools around and has fun and laughs a lot, but Snuff says, "Let's get serious and get this track cut" and they do. And that's why there will be lots of new Gary Lewis records in the months ahead.

After we finished talking to Gary,

we met the four young men who are always with him on recording sessions and personal appearances - The Playboys.

The Playboys are John West on chord-ovox, Tommy Triphorn on lead guitar, Carl Raddle on bass and drummer Jim Carlstein.

John used to work in a music store in Pasadena, California where Gary bought his drumsticks. He and Gary practiced together. A few guys joined

them, some left, and finally they formed a group.

"Carl, Tommy and I are all from Oklahoma," explains Jim. "Gary's arranger, Leon Russel, is also a close friend of ours from Tulsa, Oklahoma. When Gary needed a bass player, Leon called Carl. Then he needed a guitarist, so he called Tommy. When Gary switched from drums to guitar, they got a new drummer. Later, they replaced him with me."

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GARY LEWIS

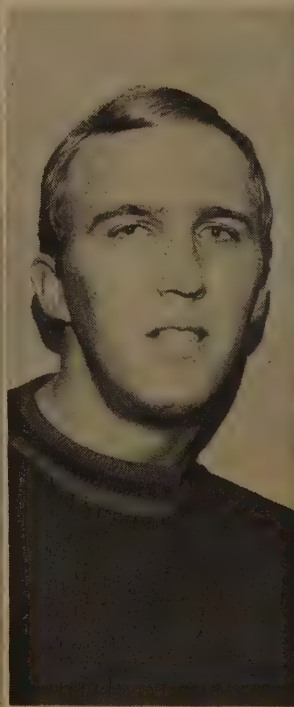
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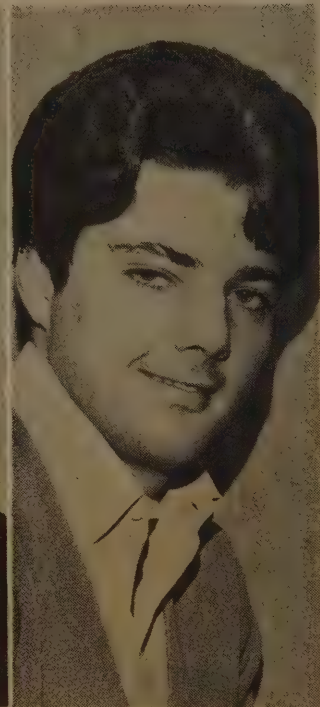
JOHN



TOMMY



CARL



JIM

John was born in Uhrichsville, Ohio on July 31, 1939. His musical career was launched at the age of nine when he began three years of accordion lessons. The chordovox he plays looks like an accordion, but actually it's more like a portable organ. John told us, "I haven't seen too many groups use them." He had two groups of his own, but he never played rock and roll until two years ago when he joined Gary.

"Did you have any trouble adapting yourself to rock and roll?" we asked.

"Yes," said John, "because it was all in different keys. I used to play in E flat, B flat and F. Rock and roll is mostly in E, A, and D. I had to adjust."

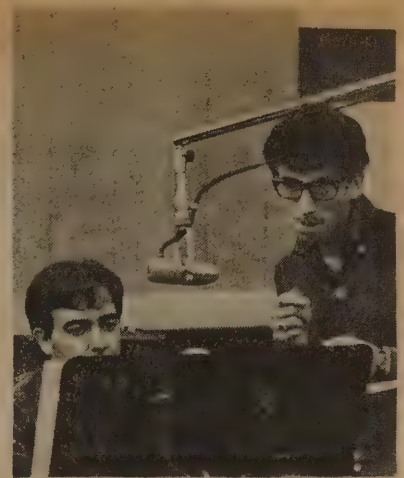
John likes jazz, bossa nova, rock and roll, and cameras...but no motorcycles for him, please.

Tommy was born in Tulsa twenty-two years ago on Feb. 2. He started playing the guitar right after he finished the ninth grade. He got eight free lessons, then started listening to records, learning by ear. Chuck Berry was a big

influence on him at the time.

He started a band while in high school, playing at school dances on weekends. After a year of college he worked in nightclubs and traveled around. Tommy returned to college a year later and studied piano. In the spring of 1965 he joined Gary.

Tommy's musical preferences include classical guitarist Julian Bream, jazz pianist Bill Evans and harpsichordist Wanda Landowska. His hobby is photography and motorcycle riding.



This December, Gary will visit Uncle Sam as guest of honor at Army camp meetings and various soldier stuff. As a result, he (Gary not Sam) had to spend a whole lot of time in the recording studio, building up a backlog of tunes for singles and albums. "We rehearse the songs the night before we record so they'll be fresh in our minds," says Gary. "We get stuff from people who have never written a song before."



On June 18, 1942, Carl was born in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

"I don't remember when I started in music," Carl told us, "My parents were always in the music field. I used to sing in all the church choirs when I was young. I had three years of piano and three years of clarinet at my parents' wishes. I didn't like the clarinet.

"When I was a junior in high school, I bought a bass and started to play it by ear, listening to records. Electric bass players weren't too common at the time.

I joined a group and eventually got where I am now."

Carl likes motorcycles and photography, too.

Jim, born August 22, 1943 in Tulsa, took his first musical step in the ninth grade when he bought a set of drums. They gathered dust for a year before he started playing them regularly. He played along with records until his junior year in high school, when he was invited to join a group whose drummer had

just graduated.

When Jim finished high school, he left Tulsa and spent five years in California. Then one day he got an offer to join Gary Lewis and the Playboys. He accepted. Jim likes rock and roll, folk rock, Bob Dylan, photography and motorcycles.

When Gary Lewis finishes his basic training, he'll probably go into Special Services, performing for his fellow servicemen. The Playboys will undoubtedly accompany him. □

MIKE BLOOMFIELD

(GUITARIST with PAUL BUTTERFIELD BLUES BAND)

PUTS DOWN EVERYTHING

By now, many of you must have heard the Paul Butterfield Blues Band albums and marvelled over the guitar playing of Mike Bloomfield. Through Mike's incredible style, the world of pop music has become much more aware of blues in general and Mike's idol, B.B. King, in particular. Currently Mike is the most influential guitarist in pop music as evidenced by the hundreds of lead guitarists in minor bands learning from him. Mike is also in great demand as a session man. He has appeared on albums by Dylan, John Hammond, Peter, Paul and Mary and many others. Jim Delehant cornered Mike at the Cafe Au Go Go, the meeting place of musicians, and had a little chat with him. Here goes.



JD: What was your very first experience with music?

MIKE: It was hearing "South Pacific". Outside of children's records like "Little Orley" and "Bozo Under The Sea". My parents had absolutely no influence on me musically.

JD: What was your first experience with blues?

MIKE: With the guitar playing it was my cousin Charles. He started playing guitar when I was 13. I got a guitar because he had one. That's when I started playing guitar. I really can't tell you my first experience with blues because I was hearing it and didn't know what it was. Then, when I realized what it was, a whole new world of artists and entertainers from Chicago opened up to me. I was about 16 or 17. I had been hearing blues records since I was 13, and I really liked them. But, I didn't know what they were. I heard them on radio station WGES in Chicago. They had this D.J., Al Benson. It was an all-blues station. There were Chuck Berry songs I especially liked - "Deep Feeling" and "Wee Wee Hours". I never knew what set them apart from the other ones. It was the sonority of those blues notes. I could hear them in Gene Vincent guitar solos and Fats Domino songs. When I was 15, I started hearing guys like Lightnin' Hopkins and John Lee Hooker. I bought albums by Blind Lemon Jefferson and Big Bill Broonzy and Jimmy Reed. But I still didn't really know who they were or what the blues were.

JD: When did you find out what it all was?

MIKE: I had a fairly rough idea about the musical form and I knew mostly colored people sang it. Then one summer when I was 17, we moved to Hyde Park. There were a lot of folkies around there. They were interested in blues from a musical standpoint - artists, their records, guitar styles. That's when I started to learn about it as an idiom. By then, my rock and roll experiences had made me a fairly proficient guitarist in that area. I just liked that type of guitar playing, not knowing it was blues. Then I heard guys in person that played that way. I played with guys in hillbilly bars and colored bars. I started to sit in all the time. I couldn't really tell the difference between what I played and they played, but there was a difference. Then I became more and more interested in the music as a musical form, intellectually - artists, data, the history. But I didn't get to understand playing the blues correctly, the notes right, until I started working with Paul Butterfield's Blues Band. Well, no, I think I started to understand it when I had my own band a year before I joined Paul. I wasn't really into it on a full-time basis until Butterfield.

JD: Did you always play amplified?

MIKE: No. I started working clubs when I was 15 with rock bands. You see, the difference between a song like "oop Oop A Doo" and "Money", which every white rock and hillbilly band I knew did, and Muddy Waters songs is very slim. When I was 17, I went down and saw these cats like Muddy Waters, heard them and saw them. And I really learned. Blues is not just notes. It's a whole environmental thing with nuances of song, speech and the whole personality of the people involved. It makes me feel good to understand it. It's a personal thing. I have a personal attachment to the music. It's absolutely part of me. It's the music I understand best, with complete feeling and all the subtleties involved. It's just something I'm really into. My main influences in guitar playing are Lightnin' Hopkins, but for a long time I played a lot of folk guitar - Travis style, finger-picking and a lot of country blues. But my main influence today is B.B. King. He's my main influence in music. Enough can not be said about B.B. King. I consider him a major American artist. There's a

book by Charles Keil called the Urban Blues, Chicago University Press. That book tells all the things I feel about blues that I just can't say.

JD: Remember when you said you wanted to play with Ray Charles?

MIKE: I still want to very much. Some of the guitar playing on his records is vile. But he's got a great guitar player now. I'm very content playing with Butterfield's band. Playing with Ray is like a pipe dream. It would just be an incredible thrill to play with him because he and his band are so good.

JD: Besides B.B. King, who are some of the other guitar players that have influenced you?

MIKE: The whole school of Chicago guitar players. Otis Rush, Buddy Guy, Freddy King, Albert King, Albert Collins, B.B. King, Elmore James, Hound Dog Taylor, Muddy Waters, Earl Hooker, Little Smokey Smothers, Big Smokey Smothers. The different accompanists - little-known cats that played behind Little Walter - guys like Luther Tucker, Fred Robinson, Louis Miles and some of the older Chicago guitar players like John Lee Granderson, and a lot of piano players because I played a lot of piano. Piano players showed me a lot of stuff. Sunnyland Slim, Cats personally helped me, like playing along with them. Some cats would really take time to help me. Sunnyland took me to his house a lot and really helped me. Other cats took time out - Big Joe Williams has been almost like a father to me. He's been very kind and taught me a lot of stuff. Just watching him, I learned how a cat lives jungley. It's a rough world, his world. But, he's a rough guy. And our own guitarist Elvin Bishop taught me a lot of stuff. About 4 years ago, Elvin taught me a whole lot about basic blues guitar. He got me started on playing stuff correctly.

JD: Did you play with Howlin' Wolf's band for a while?

MIKE: No. I sat in with him. I sat in with every band I could. I never played with any big name blues bands; Elvin did though. I mostly learned stuff from playing with my own bands.

JD: How did you get in with Bob Dylan?

MIKE: He called me on the phone. I met him once at the Bear in Chicago, in his earlier unamplified days. I wanted to go down there and show him what a lousy guitar



Way over there on the left, Paul Butterfield and Mike wail. Above, Mike tells Bob where it's at.

player he was. I was incensed by the liner notes on his first album which said he was a good guitar player. I found out he was really a nice guy. Then I saw him again in New York at a party and we played a little. Through the strength of those two meetings, he called me to make a record with him. There might have been something else, I don't know.

JD: Were you on his first amplified session?

MIKE: No, that was Bruce Langhorn, a very good guitar player. That was really folk rock - Dylan and a few sidemen. The session I played on was just a big rock and roll band.

JD: There seems to be a lot of blues bands cropping up now. Do you think it's about to happen in a big way?

MIKE: No. Because I don't think any of them are any good. None of them even approach playing blues correctly. There are all kinds of blues, Chicago blues, country blues, jump band blues, there's Joe Turner type, B.B. King, Ray Charles. I've heard certain English cats who are extremely talented - Jeff Beck of the Yardbirds, the kid from the Spencer Davis group, Steve Winwood - he's unbelievable. There's another kid, he's on that Elektra

"What's Shakin'" album we're on, Eric Clapton. Over the years, I've heard certain white individuals that can really play blues well and a few good singers like the Righteous Brothers, who are a bit too affected for me. Most of these bands do good modern electric rock and roll music and lovely ballad things. But they don't play blues, for my money. It's not authentically right. It's good music, but it's a farcical attempt to play blues. You've got to live with it, really hear it, you've got to know what's happening in the world that created it. You've got to know the artists. It's a rough thing to learn because it's completely foreign to most cats' environment. For my money, nobody plays it but us.

JD: Do you like country western music?

MIKE: I love it. I played bluegrass for a long time. I'm not really into modern country western. I don't know it a lot. I was just interested in it for a while. I love steel guitars and dobros. I think I'd like to play steel sometime, but it's a whole new concept, the pedals and all that. I play a little dobro but not good enough to play anywhere.

JD: Did you ever play any Chess/Checker sessions?

{Continued on next page}

HIT PARADER FEB. ISSUE

WHAT WERE?

JOHN & JOE
? LIKE AS TEENIE ?
SPOONFULS

Brian Wilson
Talks About The Other
Beach Boys

HAVE THE **STONES**
GONE
TOO
FAR?

THE ONE MONTH MAMA
JILL GIBSON

★ **LOTHAR!** ★
AND THE Hand People
Is Coming

WIN a Phonograph
in our ZOWIE
JAMES BROWN
Contest

LARRY COVERDALE
AND THE **4 HORSE MEN**
★ GALLOP TO STARDOM ★

INTERVIEWS WITH
TOMMY ROE • The 4 TOPS
• MIKE BLOOMFIELD •

In **HIT PARADER**
FEB. ISSUE

{Continued from last page}

MIKE: I did an overdub on a Chuck Berry song called "It Wasn't Me". I just hung around there a lot. I wasn't good enough to do session work when I was living in Chicago. Now I am. If I go back there, I'll see if I can get more session work. Chess has a whole stable of cats. They've got a hillbilly cat who plays pretty fair blues guitar and they've got Buddy Guy, a wonderful guitar player, but he's got personal hang-ups. It's a very tight clique-ish organization. It's very hard to get with Chess and I imagine it's the same way with Motown.

JD: Why are you interested in Motown?

MIKE: I'd like to play on their sessions. They don't have anybody down there who can play like I do. I'd like to go down there and say "Well, here's what I can do, maybe you can use it." It's really just the money that interests me and the clean arrangements. Motown music is musically perfect, but I find it bland. It's cultured soul. I really like the new Atlantic sound - Joe Tex, Percy Sledge, Otis Redding, and that new one "Laundromat Blues" by Albert King - great lyrics. I like jazz things a lot, too. My own style has sort of been going towards that.

JD: Why do you think "Barefoot-in" got on the chart?

MIKE: That's on the chart? An old shuffle like that? I don't believe it. I have very little faith in the taste of white people. Maybe it's just because he sings "Barefoot-in". It's a good record. How about "Get Out Of My Life, Woman" and "Hold On, I'm Coming"? It's getting more liberal. I'm sure Motown paved the way. Atlantic has really psyched out the Negro working class people and they're really catering to their taste. Listen to the lyrics of some of the Joe Tex records, they're really just simple and moving. "I've been beaten up and tossed around." Straight gospel arrangements behind them. Very moving. I like a lot of jazz guys, too. The ones that can blow real hard. Powerful musicians. Roland Kirk is one of the most incredible musicians I've ever seen in my life. You watch him and you're so filled with joy, you're seeing so much beauty and power pouring out of that guy, you just start laughing uncontrollably. Archie Shepp, too. As I play more music, my taste gets better. I've



the **PAUL BUTTERFIELD BLUES band**



Mike tunes up with folk queen Joan Baez before a performance at the 1965 Newport Folk Festival.

been hanging around with a lot of music critics that have been helping me with my musical taste. Some cats are just geniuses and some aren't. Those geniuses are really worth listening to. Guys like Thelonious Monk and Charlie Mingus, really geniuses with great ideas. They're humorous and intelligent people and their music is witty. If you hear it and understand it, you're really in for some pleasant intellectual developments. □

In the next issue, Mike tears into singers with ludicrous accents, bad music and (arf arf) reveals how he plays guitar.

●PSYCHOTIC REACTION

(As recorded by The Count Five/
Double Shot)

K. ELLNER
R. CHANEY
C. ATKINSON
J. BYRNE
J. MICHALSKI

I feel depressed, I feel so bad
'Cause you're the best girl that I've ever
had
Can't get your love, I can't get a
fraction
Oh! Little girl, psychotic reaction
And it feels like this.

I feel so lonely night and day
I can't get your love, I must stay away
Well I need you girl by my side
Oh! Little girl, would you like to take
a ride now

I can't get your love, I can't get
satisfaction

Oh! Little girl, psychotic reaction.

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Inc.

●NINETEEN DAYS

(As recorded by The Dave Clark 5/
Epic)

DAVE CLARK
DENIS PAYTON

Oh nineteen days
In nineteen days
Nineteen days before I get to see my
loving girl again
Nineteen days been away too long
I can't stand the pace
I'm gonna be movin' on home
I'm gonna be movin' on home
Movin' on home, I hope I find
you waiting there.

Nineteen days each town I go to
brings me nearer home
Nineteen days been workin' too hard
Work my fingers to the bone
I'm gonna be movin' on home
I'm gonna be movin' on home
Movin' on home
I hope I find you waiting there.

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tire world excluding U.K. and Erie)
Branston Music, Inc.

●(THERE'LL BE BLUE BIRDS OVER) THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER

(As recorded by The Righteous Bros./
Philles)

NAT BURTON
WALTER KENT

There'll be bluebirds over
The White Cliffs of Dover
Tomorrow, just you wait and see
There'll be love and laughter
and peace ever after
Tomorrow, when the world is free
The shepherd will tend his sheep
The valley will bloom again
And Jimmy will go to sleep
In his own little room again
There'll be bluebirds over the White
Cliffs of Dover

Tomorrow, just you wait and see
Just you wait and see
When the world is free
Just you wait and see
When the world is free
When the world is free
Come on wait and see
When the world is free.

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& Co., Inc.

●YOU DON'T HAVE TO PAINT ME A PICTURE

(As recorded by Gary Lewis & The
Playboys/Liberty)

ROGER TILLISON
LEON RUSSEL

THOMAS L. GARRETT

You don't have to paint me a picture
The writing's on the wall
It's very plain to see that you
don't love me
No you never loved me at all.

You been out with other fellas
You think that I don't know
'Cause you don't have to pin a rose
on me
'Cause I knew it long ago.

I have tried to make excuses for the
things you do
I've tried to be fair in every way
It's no use pretending that you haven't
been untrue

It's over now so I'll be on my way

I don't need a fortune teller

I don't need a crystal ball

It's very plain to see that you don't
love me

No you never loved me at all.

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Music Associates, London, England. For
the world excluding the U.S.A. and
Canada.

●HAVE YOU SEEN YOUR MOTHER, BABY, STANDING IN THE SHADOW?

(As recorded by The Rolling Stones/
London)

MICK JAGGER

KEITH RICHARDS

Have you seen your mother, baby,
standing in the shadow?
Have you had another baby standing
in the shadow?
I am glad I opened your eyes
The have nots would have tried
To freeze you in ice.

Have you seen your brother, baby,
standing in the shadow?
Have you had another baby standing
in the shadow?

I was just passing the time
I'm all alone, won't you give
All your sympathy to mine?

Tell me a story about how you adore me
How we live in the shadow
How we see thru the shadow
How we glimpse thru the shadow
How we tear at the shadow
How we hate in the shadow
And love in your shadowy life.

Have you seen your lover, baby, standing
in the shadow?
Has he had another baby standing in
the shadow?

Where have you been all your life?

Talking about all the people

Who would try anything twice

Have you seen your mother, baby,
standing in the shadow?

Have you had another baby standing
in the shadow

You take your choice at this time

The brave old world or the slide

To the depths of decline.

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●HOLY COW

(As recorded by Lee Dorsey/Amy)

ALAN TOUSSAINT

I can't wheel and I can't deal
Since you walked out on me
Holy smoke, what you're doing to me
I can't eat and I can't sleep
Since you walked out on me
Holy cow, what you doing child
Holy smoke, girl it ain't no joke.

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●DEVIL WITH A BLUE DRESS ON & GOOD GOLLY MISS MOLLY

(As recorded by Mitch Ryder & The
Detroit Wheels/New Voice)

Devil with the blue dress, blue dress, blue
dress

Devil with the blue dress on

Devil with the blue dress, blue dress, blue
dress

Devil with the blue dress on.

Fe fe fi fi fo fo fum
Look at Molly now
Here she comes
Wearing her wig hat and shades to
match
And her high heel shoes and her alligator
hat
Wearing her pearls and her diamond
rings
She's got bracelets on her fingers and
everything.
(Repeat chorus)

Wearing her perfume, Chanel No. 5
Got to be the finest girl alive
Walks real cool, catches everybody's
eye
She's got such good lovin' you can't say
goodbye
Not too skinny, she's not too fat
She's a real humdinger
And I like 'em like that
(Repeat chorus).

Good golly Miss Molly
Yeah you sure like to ball
Good golly Miss Molly
Yeah you sure like to ball
You better hear me
'Cause I'm gonna call
From the early, early morning
To the early, early night
See Miss Molly rockin' at the House of
Blue Lights

Good golly Miss Molly
You sure like to ball
When you're rockin' and a-rollin', yeah
Can't you hear your mamma call
Fe fe fi fi fo fo fum
Look-a once again now here she comes
Wearing her wig hat and shades to match
And her high heel shoes and her alligator
hat
Wearing her pearls and her diamond rings
She's got bracelets on her fingers and every-
thing
(Repeat chorus).

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CURRENT ALBUM RELEASES

Courtesy of **Billboard** The International Music-Record Newsweekly

□ BANG

THE McCOYS—BLP 213 (M), BLPs 213 (S)

□ BLUE NOTE

ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS—Indestructible; BLP 4193, BST 84193

JOE HENDERSON—Mode for Joe; BLP 4227, BST 84227

BOBBY HUTCHERSON — Components; BLP 4213, BST 84213

JACKIE McLEAN—Right Now; BLP 4215, BST 84215

JIMMY SMITH — Bucket; BLP 4235, BST 84235

□ CAPITOL

GORDON MACRAE: If She Walked Into My Life; T-2578; ST-2578

WAYNE NEWTON: The Old Rugged Cross; T-2563, ST-2563

GEORGE SHEARING: That Fresh Feeling; T-2567, ST-2567

NORRIS PARAMOR: In Tokyo-In Love; T-2526, ST-2526

THE ART REYNOLDS SINGERS: Tellin' It Like It Is; T-2534, ST-2534

HANK THOMPSON AND THE BRAZOS VALLEY BOYS: Breakin' the Rules; T-2575, DT-2575

RED SIMPSON: The Man Behind the Badge; T-2569, ST-2569

THE BEST OF BOBBY DARIN: T-2571, ST-2571

ALFRED APAKA'S GREATEST HITS, VOL. 2: T-2572, DT-2572

WEBLEY EDWARDS: Best from the Beach at Waikiki; T-2573, ST-2573

THE BEST OF THE LETTERMEN: T-2554, ST-2554

STAN FREDER—Freder Underground! Show #1; T 2551, ST 2551

ERICH LEINSDORF Plays the Good Time Classics—Concert Arts Orch. P 8637, SP 8637

VILLA-LOBIS: CONCERTO FOR GUITAR AND SMALL ORCH.—Almeida/Concert Arts Orch. (Wilson); P 8638, SP 8638

SANDLER & YOUNG—Side By Side; T 2598, ST 2598

JACKIE GLEASON—How Sweet it Is for Lovers; W 2582, SW 2582

H. B. BARNUM—Pop and Ice Cream Sodas; T 2583, ST 2583

THE HOLLIDGE STRINGS Oldies But Goodies; T 2564, ST 2564

FRANK SINATRA—Forever Frank; T 2602

WANDA JACKSON Salutes the Country Music Hall of Fame; T 2606, ST 2606

PEGGY LEE—Guitars Ala. Lee; T 2469, ST 2469

AL MARTINO—This Is Love; T 2592, ST 2592

THE LETTERMEN—For Christmas This Year; T 2587, ST 2587

WAYNE NEWTON—Songs for a Merry Christmas; T 2588, ST 2588

SONNY JAMES—My Christmas Dream; T 2589, ST 2589

□ COLGEMS

THE MONKEES; COM 101, COS 101

□ COLUMBIA

CHAD & JEREMY: Distant Shores; CL 2564 (M), CS 9364 (S)

STEVE LAWRENCE: Steve Lawrence Sings of Love and Sad Young Men CL 2540 (M), CS 9340 (S)

NEW CHRISTY MINSTRELS: New Kick; CL 2542 (M), CS 9342 (S)

MEL TORME—Right Now!; CL 2535, CS 9335

JIM NABORS Sings Love Me With All Your Heart; CL 2558, CS 9358

PANCHO PURCELL & HIS BAMBUCCO PLAYERS—Bambucco Moves In; CL 2543, CS 9343

The Exciting JOHNNY DUPONT—All Strops Out!; CL 2550, CS 9350

JOHN DAVIDSON—The Time of My Life; CL 2580, CS 9380

DICK DAVY—You're a Long Way From Home, Whitey; CL 2545, CS 9345

TONY BENNETT—A Time for Love; CL 2560, CS 9360

□ DIAMOND

RONNIE DOVE: Ronnie Dove Sings the Hits for You; D 5006 (M), SD 5006 (S)

□ DOLTON

VIC DANA: Golden Greats; BLP 2048 (M), BST 6048 (M)

VENTURES: Wild Things!; BLP 2047 (M), BST 8047 (S)

□ ELEKTRA

TOM PAXTON—Outward Bound; EKL 317, EKS 7317

OLIVER SMITH; EKL 316, EKS 7316

DAVID BLUE; EKL 4003, EKS 74003

133 Authentic Sound Effects; EKL 313/3T4, EKS 7313/7314

BUTTERFIELD BLUES BAND—East-West; EKL 315, EKS 7315

□ EPIC

DONOVAN—Sunshine Superman; LN 24217, BN 26217

MIKE DOUGLAS—Dear Mike, Please Sing ; LN 24205, BN 26205

JIM AND JESSE & THE VIRGINIA BOYS—Sing Unto Him a New Song; LN 24204, BN 26204

THE DAVE CLARK FIVE—Satisfied With You; LN 24212, BN 26212

LUIS BORDON—Light & Latin; LN 24208, BN 26208

THE GLENN MILLER ORCH.—Something New; LN 24206, BN 26206

JANE MORGAN—Fresh Flavor; LN 24211, BN 26211

SLIM HARPO—Baby Scratch My Back; LP 8005

Happiness is THE SHADES OF BLUES; IM 101

□ EXCELLO

IMPACT

IMPERIAL

THE HOLLIES—Bus Stop; LP 9330, LP 12330

SANDY NELSON—Beat That *21* Drum; LP 9329, LP 12329

JIMMY BRYANT—Laughing Guitar, Crying Guitar; LP 9315, LP 12315

JACKIE DESHANNON—Are You Ready for This?; LP 9328, LP 12328

GEORGIE FAME—Get Away; LP 9331, LP 12331

GEORGE SEMPER—Makin' Waves; LP 9327, LP 12327

IMPULSE

ARCHIE SHEPP Live in San Francisco; A 9178, AS 9118

GABOR SZABO—Spellbinder; A 9123, AS 9123

JOHN COLTRANE Returns to the Village Vanguard; A 9124, AS 9124

ROSWELL RUDD—Everywhere; A 9126, AS 9126

CLARK TERRY/CHICO O'FARRILL — Spanish Rice; A 9127, AS 9127

KAMA SUTRA

THE LOVIN' SPOONFUL In Woody Allen's "What's Up, Tiger Lily?"—Soundtrack; KLP 8053, KLPs 8053

LIBERTY

GARY LEWIS & THE PLAYBOYS — Golden Greats; LRP 2468, LST 7468

RED SKELTON—Music From the Heart; LRP 3477, LST 7477

BOBBY VEE—Look at Me Girl; LRP 3480, LST 7480

□ LIMELIGHT

JULIAN CANNONBALL ADDERLEY/NAT ADDERLEY—Them Adderleys; LM 82032, LS 86032

ART BLAKEY—Hold On, I'm Coming; LM 82038, LS 86038

GERRY MULLIGAN—Something Borrowed Something Blue; LM 82040, LS 86040

OSCAR PETERSON—Blues Etude; LM 82039, LS 86029

LONDON

MANTOVANI—Mr. Music ; LL 3474, PS 474

MGM

SAM THE SHAM & THE PHAROHS—Li'l Red Riding Hood; E 4407, SE 4407

MERCURY

MOMS MABLEY at the White House Conference; MG 21090, SR 61090

JOHNNY MATHEIS—So Nice; MG 21091, SR 61091

PHILIPS

NINA SIMONE—Wild Is the Wind; PHM 200-207, PHS 600-207

PRESTIGE

RICHARD "GROOVE" HOLMES: Living Soul; PR 7468 (M), PRST 7468 (S)

RED HOLLOWAY—Red Soul; 7473, 7473 (S)

ROLAND KIRK—Funk Underneath With Jack McDuff; 7450, 7450 (S)

ERIC KLOSS—Love All That Jazz; 7469, 7469 (S)

SONNY STITT—'Nuther Fu'thur With Brother Jack McDuff; 7452, 7452 (S)

BOBBY TIMMONS—The Soulman; 7465, 7465 (S)

RCA VICTOR

ED AMES—More I Cannot Wish You; LPM 3636, LSP 3636

CHET ATKINS—From Nashville With Love; LPM 3647, LSP 3647

BLACKWOOD BROTHERS QUARTET — The Sound of Gospel Music; LPM 3625, LSP 3625

The Tropical Style of FRANKIE CARLE; LPM 3609, LSP 3609

WAYLON JENNINGS—Leavin' Town; LPM 3620, LSP 3620

HANK LOCKLIN—The Gloryland Way; LPM 3656, LSP 3656

NORMAN LUBOFF CHOIR—The Latin Luboff; LPM 3637, LSP 3637

MARILYN MAYO—The Lamp Is Low; LPM 3626, LSP 3626

PETER NERO on Tour; LPM 3610, LSP 3610

ANTHONY NEWLEY—Newley Recorded; LPM 3614, LSP 3614

Country CHARLEY PRIDE; LPM 3645, LSP 3645

ROGER RAM—Fine and Mellow; LPM 3616, LSP 3616

Goin' the FRANKIE RANDALL Way; LPM 3627, LSP 3627

GEORGE BEVERLY SNEA—Southland Songs That Lift the Heart; LPM 3634, LSP 3634

CONNIE SMITH—Born to Sing; LPM 3628, LSP 3628

KATE SMITH—Today; LPM 3670, LSP 3670

HANK SNOW—This Is My Story; LPM 6014, LSP 6014

PEEWEE SPITELERA—Country Clarinet; LPM 3638, LSP 3638

THE TOKENS Again; LPM 3685, LSP 3685

VARIOUS ARTISTS—Big Country Hits Vol. 1; LPM 3606, LSP 3606

GLENN YARBROUGH—Live at the Hungry I; LPM 3661, LSP 3661

SOUNDTRACK—Run for Your Life; LOC 1129, LSO 1129

ROULETTE

Jazz/JOHN HANDY III; R 52121

SONNY STITT—What's New!!!; R 25343

DAVE BABY CORTEZ—In Orbit; R 25328, SR 25328

BILL DOGGETT—Honky Tonk A-La Mod!; R 25330, SR 25330

ETTA JONES; R 25329, SR 25329

SEECO

JOE COTTO—El Magnifico; SCLP 9291, SCLP 92910

LOS JUGLARES—Sabor Tropical; SCLP 9289, SCLP 92890

STAX

CARLA THOMAS—Carla; 709

TOWER

IAN WHITCOMB'S Mod, Mod Music Hall; T 5042, ST 5042

20th CENTURY-FOX

ORIGINAL TV SCORE—The Green Hornet; 3186, S 3186

UNITED ARTISTS

JIMMY ROSELLI — Christmas Album; UAL 3538, UAS 6538

VERVE

HERBIE MANN: Big Band Mann; VSP-21 (M), VSPs 21 (S)

WES MONTGOMERY: Tequila; V 8653 (M), V6-8653 (S)

RIGHTEOUS BROTHERS: Go Ahead and Cry; V 5004 (M), V6-5004 (S)

HOWARD ROBERTS: The Movin' Man; VSP 29 (M), VSPs 29 (S)

LALO SCHIFRIN: Marquis De Sade; V 8654 (M), V6-8654 (S)

JIMMY SMITH: Hoochie Coochie Man; V 8667 (M), V6-8667 (S)

ED THIGPEN: Out of the Storm; V 8663 (M), V6-8663 (S)

CAL TJADER & EDDIE PALMIERI: El Sonido Nuevo; V 8651 (M), V6-8651 (S)

VARIOUS ARTISTS: The Jazz Round; VSP 24 (M), VSPs 24 (S)

VARIOUS ARTISTS: Soul Source; VSP 19 (M), VSPs 19 (S)

WALTER WANDERLEY: Rain Forest; V 8658 (M), V6-8658 (S)

CHARLIE MANNA—The Rise and Fall of the Great Society; V 15051, V6-15051

VSP VERVE

NAT COLE AT JATP2; VSP 25, VSPs 25

STAN GETZ Another Time, Another Place; VSP 22, VSPs 22

LESTER YOUNG—Pres and His Cabinet; VSP 27, VSPs 27

VIVA

JUAREZ WOODWINDS; V 6002 (M), VS 6002 (S)

MIDNIGHT STRING QUARTET: Rhapsodies for Young Lovers; V 6001 (M), VS 6001 (S)

WARNER BROS.

NAPLEON XIV: They're Coming to Take Me Away, Ha-Haa; W 1661 (M), WS 1661 (S)

WORLD PACIFIC

CHICO HAMILTON — Jazz Milestones; PJ 10108, ST 20108

RICHARD (GROOVE) HOLMES—Jazz Milestones; PJ 10109, ST 20109



MUSIC SPOTLIGHT

Pete Quaife



Al Kooper



Jeff Beck



Jonny Hodges



Joe Butler

Saxophone companies have discovered how to make playing easy. WOW. It's an electronic pick-up that slips over the bell and you can plug it into your amplifier. "Actually makes playing easy."/**Al Kooper** of the Blues Project is reportedly working on an album of songs he has recorded with Bob Dylan./**Donovan** has produced a film of himself on tour and will do likewise with **The Lovin' Spoonful** and **The Mamas & Papas**./**Jimmy Cotton**, harp player, has left **The Muddy Waters** band to form his own group./**Warner Bros.** is remaking the **James Dean** classic, "Rebel Without A Cause"./**Alan Price** is being considered for the lead role./**All The Beachboys** are married except **Bruce Johnston**./**Eric Burdon** performed on **Ready, Steady, Go** backed by **The Otis Redding** band./**Pete Quaife**, bassist, has left **The Kinks**. He will settle in Copenhagen with a Danish girl. **John Dalton** is new **Kinks** bass./**David and Jonathan** have written T.V. jingles for **The Lovin' Spoonful**./**Jr. Walker** and the **All Stars** are writing songs for **The Supremes**./We'd like to know what **The Stones** are trying to prove./**Cher** bought **Sonny** a new mini-bathrobe. Isn't that nice?/The press was barred from **Joe Butler's** birthday party at **Zal's** house. The **Spoonful** now record everything on **Red Tape**./Save your old reeds; the saxophone will rise again./**Jeff Beck** of the **Yardbirds** has recorded an instrumental to be released under his own name./Reader, **Dick Staehling** of Los Angeles, suggests some titles for our next H.P. cover - "Words to New **Ornette Coleman** single" and "New, **Fab Gear** about **Rabbit Brown**"./Got a very nice **RCA Victor** Vintage L.P. called "Things Ain't What They Used To Be" with **Johnny Hodges** and **Rex Stewart**. Hodges on Alto sax is beautiful. You won't believe the way he bends notes. Maybe he uses one of those electric pick-ups over his bell? We doubt it./"Last train to **Clarksville**" is sort of nice. Let's see if the **Monkees** can follow it up./Why didn't "Dangling Conversation" make number one? It was too good, of course./Yech award goes to "Have You Seen Your Mother, Baby, Standing In The Shadow?" See this column next month. We might have changed our mind, but it's highly improbable./If **Jeff Beck** leaves **The Yardbirds**, he'll start a group called **The Beck Porch Majority**. □



Bruce Johnston



Jimmy Cotton

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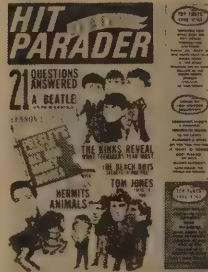


APRIL, 1966

"HP Horoscope": What's in
Elvis Presley's future???

Giant Photo Spread...
"Bond, Barry & Babes"

Keith Richard, John Sebastian,
Yardbirds discuss "new sounds"

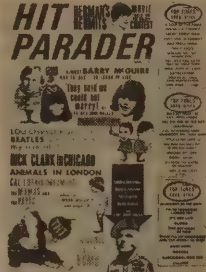


MAY, 1966

The Kinks reveal what
teenagers fear most

Secrets in the
Beach Boys' past

The Beatles answer "21
Ridiculous Questions"

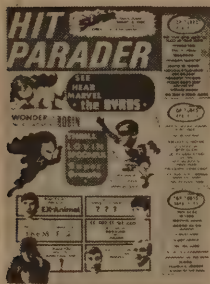


JUNE, 1966

Movie Photo Story:
Herman in "Hold On"

Strange but true happenings;
Lou Christie, Barry McGuire

Dick Clark, Barry Sadler,
Animals, Byrds, Fortunes

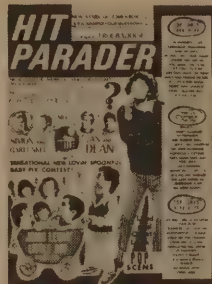


JULY, 1966

The Lovin' Spoonful
vs. Super Groupie

Exclusive Interview:
"The Byrds Talk Sound"

Sonny & Cher, Kinks,
Jay & the Americans

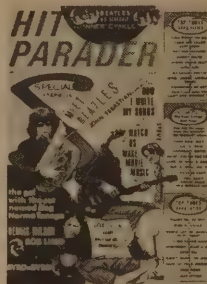


AUGUST, 1966

Do the Rolling Stones
hate their fans?

Special: Jerry Lewis'
Little Boy

Simon & Garfunkel, Turtles,
Jan & Dean

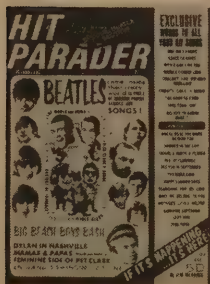


SEPTEMBER, 1966

Private life of Beachboy
Dennis Wilson

How John Sebastian
writes his songs

The Cyrkle, Norma Tanega,
Beatles, Bob Lind



OCTOBER, 1966

16 Big Extra Pages: Beatles
Stories, Photos, Songs

On tour with Bob Dylan
in Music City, U.S.A.

Beach Boys, Pet Clark,
Mamas & Papas

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●AIN'T GONNA LIE

(As recorded by Keith/Mercury)



TONY POWERS
GEORGE FISCHOFF

Ain't gonna lie
That's one thing you and I could
never see
So as we kiss goodbye
If I cry don't let these tears I shed today
Hold you back in any way
He's waiting for your smile
So hurry I'll be fine now
Don't you worry.

Ain't gonna lie
If you say he's the guy
I won't stand in your way
Though it hurts me today
I'll get by, I ain't gonna lie.

Baby don't cry though my heart's
breaking
I'm glad that you told the truth
'Stead of some pack of lies
To us a lie's the only sin
Least we'll end the way we've been
By being truthful to each other
Girl I hope I find another.

Ain't gonna lie
I'll be out by and by
Maybe I'll never meet any one half as
sweet but I'll try
I ain't gonna lie.
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●HEY MR. SPACEMAN

(As recorded by The Byrds/Columbia)
JIM MCGUINN

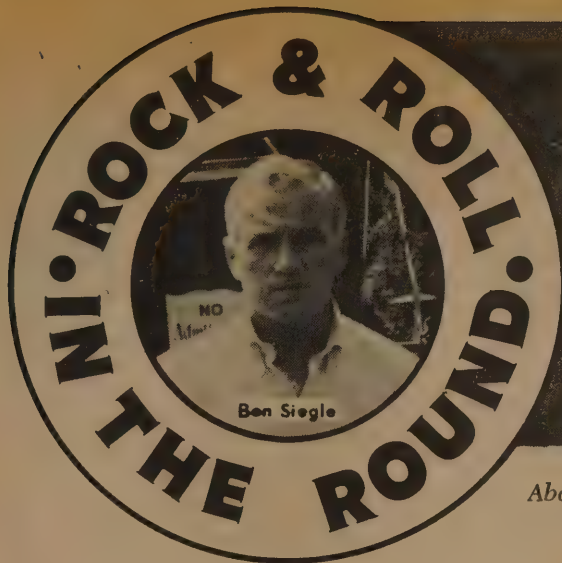
Woke up this morning with light in my
eyes
And then realize it was still dark outside
It was a light coming down from the sky
I don't know who or why
Must by those strangers that come every
night
Whose saucers shaped light put people
up tight
Leave blue-green footprints that glow in
the dark
I hope they get home alright.

Hey Mr. Spaceman
Won't you please take me along
An' I won't do anything wrong
Hey Mr. Spaceman
Won't you please take me along for a
ride.

Woke up this morning I was feeling quite
weird
Had flies in my beer
My toothpaste was smered
Opened my window they'd written my
name
Said so long we'll see you again.

Hey Mr. Spaceman
Won't you please take me along
An' I won't do anything wrong
Hey Mr. Spaceman
Won't you please take me along for a
ride.

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Above, the Lovin' Spoonful play their hits at the Oakdale. Rock groups are finding a new audience at the summer theatres.

Ben Siegle, in his late 40's, is definitely not a square. His son wanted to let his hair grow long and become a professional drummer for a rock group known as the Bram Rigg set, who play clubs and dances in Connecticut. Ben let him with only the slightest sign of parental reluctance...a machine gun. No, not really.

Without really knowing who he is or what he does, rock fans in Connecticut owe a lot to Ben.

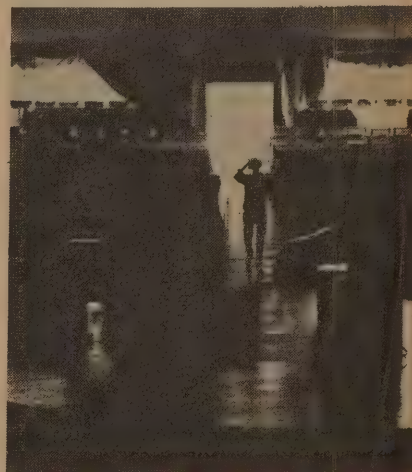
Maybe we should explain. Ben Siegle and a partner own the Oakdale musical tent in Wallingford, Connecticut. Now, Connecticut natives are famous for two things - going to movies and going to plays. Ben keeps the latter group happy and they keep him happy. Practically every show he books at Oakdale sells out. His work is something people only dream about. He makes lots of money, meets famous people and works from the beginning of June to the end of September. "I think I'll go to Europe this year", he says.

Ben loves anything to do with the world of entertainment. His life, his mind and his money are invested in it. "It's a young people's world. If you've

got talent, you'll make it. There's a place for you. But, in industry they say you're not old enough or not mature enough. You can have that." Ben's talent, like that of any successful promotor, is knowing what the people want. And he guessed right again when he indulged in a major experiment this summer.

"I saw what suddenly happened to rock and roll when the Beatles hit. It refined itself into a solid thing." Ben kept his ears open and watched rock grow. "Then some agents started calling me wanting to sell their rock acts. I was familiar with the Byrds through my son who has all their records. And I checked with some local disc jockeys who assured me they were very big in our area. I had a Sunday evening open, so I decided to book them for a one-nighter. It was a sell-out."

The Oakdale is one of several theaters belonging to a parent corporation. The other theaters are spread around the country. "Our circuit is mainly musicals like "Annie Get Your Gun" and shows featuring the Tony Bennett's and the Harry Belafonte's. The same shows that play the Oakdale will play the other



summer theaters in the circuit," says Ben.

It stands to reason that if rock and roll shows can continue these summer successes, a whole new concept of exposure will be available.

Ben continued, "You have nice surroundings in a tent theater for a teenage audience. It's not just a joint. We've had the Byrds, the Lovin' Spoonful and Paul Revere and the Raiders, all excellent at the box office, and not one rowdie in the crowd. I was very impressed with the young audience."

In fact, he was so impressed with the young audiences that "I hope to build a 4,000 seat amphitheatre for teen-type entertainment. We'd charge \$1.00 and \$1.50 for seats. I'd like to see the Beatles reach a point where they'll play to smaller audiences because they're artists and a small audience is the only way to get real communication going." Ben, of course, is looking forward to the day he can book the Beatles.

That will be the day rock and roll can really be called classy music and lend realism to Ben's dream. In his own words..."a Tanglewood for rock and roll." □



Brad Davis of WTIC TV, Hartford, hosts one of the tent shows.

LEN BARRY

Reaffirms Himself

The whole thing started off very quietly, see—and calmly. Len Barry, just back from a tour with Sonny and Cher, told his agency not to book him on the same night in the same place with any of the longhair groups. And then the trade papers picked it up, and the publicity guys, and the groups themselves. "Len Barry puts down The Beatles, Dylan, the Rolling Stones, the Animals, the Spoonful, the Changing Times," they wrote, "Len Barry likes 'Herman's Hermits, Freddie and the Dreamers, the McCcoys.'" "Harsh and unjustified" retorted Freddie, who hadn't even been put down. "Wrong," said others. "Stupid," said Andrew Oldham.

All of a sudden, BLOOEY: - Len Barry had a great big situation on his hands. So big, in fact, that even Len doesn't quite know what happened.

"It was very simple at first," he said, "Did you know what my original statement was? It's just that Sonny and Cher and those types draw a different crowd than I do. They appeal to an entirely different crowd of kids, and it's ridiculous for me to appear on the same bill with them. On the other hand, I could get into a lot of rooms they could never go into."

Len Barry is tall, healthy, good-looking, clean-cut, and he will probably always give the impression of wearing an invisible fraternity sweater, even when he's a lot older. He gets very enthusiastic very easily; he practically flipped talking about his new record, which he will record and release very soon. It's called "I Struck It Rich", and, all thought of hyping aside, he really thinks it's got everything 1-2-3 had, and more.

But one thing Len is most unenthusiastic about is rude singing groups who don't show any evidence of gratefulness to their fans. These are the groups he doesn't care to work with anymore. And he's really sorry to lose their friendship: "That remark I made about the Changing Times - we were friends. I guess this is the end of our friendship. They said they had long hair and everything because that was the way to make it! They did it as a joke!" Len said, with a disillusioned look on his face.

"Their rudeness has got to alienate their fans sooner or later; it has to. The kids are going through a kind of a stage now, and when they're through it, they're going to come back to liking nice guys. The rude groups' aloofness

has got to backfire eventually, because after a while the fans are going to resent it. It'll become detrimental. They have to swing back. Because if they don't it's the end, that's all.

"Ultimately, what's happening now will make for better adults.

"You know how hard it is to be rude consistently? Unbelievable! I'd have to stay up nights thinking of ways. Rudeness gives them a feeling of power. Me, I get a good feeling when I use manners. When you're right, you get a certain feeling.

"There are two types. Types like the Stones, who are rude to the kids that made them, and guys like Bobby Goldsboro, B.J. Thomas, Chuck Jackson, Humble, grateful guys. They're great - and they relate to the kids, too. But they KNOW they owe what they are to the kids. There are two distinct types - and my money is on these guys."

Maybe it all boils down to: Can you revolt without being revolting? Maybe we don't understand the situation. Do you? Does anybody? Will somebody please tell Hit Parader?

Anyway, to get back to Len Barry; "Society has certain standards," Len says, "a lot of which are ridiculous. But there has to be some kind of standards. The prefabricated standards won't survive - but the ones that make life courteous and pleasant - they will."

"Maybe it helps people be more self-confident..." I ventured.

"Sure, that'd be fine - if they could all go into the music business and make a thing out of being self-confident. But with their attitude they almost have to try to get into the music business - otherwise they'd starve to death. Would you buy your groceries from a Rolling Stone?"

At this point I walked Gene Pitney, who is an old friend of Len's. They talked awhile, then Len said, "Suppose you had a new baby - that's the most precious thing in the world to you, right? So there are two guys in the diaper business: Gene Pitney and Mick Jagger. Who gets your diaper business - I mean, on surface appearances alone?"

"I don't know the Rolling Stones. I'd have to know them personally," I said, feeling awfully hypothetical about the whole thing. "Did you ever read a story called 'The Subversive' by Bruce Jay Friedman, about this guy who looks so clean-cut..."

Later on, Gene Pitney says, "I talked to Andrew Oldham a few years ago,



when the Rolling Stones were just starting. He told me right at the beginning, their thing was going to be rudeness. And that was that."

"There's going to be 160 million people in the music business," Barry mused. "I'm going into the people business."

"I have a terrible voice, incidentally," he said, getting back to firmer ground, "You know that song, 'Somewhere', I recorded? Well, it gets very high in a few places. I made it in the studio, but on personal appearances it isn't so easy. Wasn't. One night, in Atlanta, Georgia, I was appearing in person. 'Somewhere' was my fifth number. I got to the part - 'Some-WHERE' - you know? And something terrible happened. I mean, it was just awful; I can't even describe it to you. It was worse than just not making any sound at all. My voice did something very strange and terrible.

"The orchestra stopped - and then they all started laughing. The audience started laughing. I sat down on the floor and broke up. When I could talk, I said, 'See? I don't use any gimmicks.' I didn't finish the song, and I never sang that song again - ever.

"How did I get into the music business? I worked lots of places, but I was never too successful at anything else. I worked at a cleaner's - and racked up the truck. The owner said, 'Can you drive a truck?' I said, 'sure'. But I had never driven anything with a gear shift. The truck was parked right out in front. I got first gear figured out. But second turned out to be reverse. I backed up, right through the guy's picture window, a very large picture window.

"I jumped out of the truck - everybody was just standing there staring, the owner, all the girls - so I jumped out, ran down the street and never went back. Not even to find out if I was fired.

"And that's how I got into the music business."

There's one more thing I can't resist including here. Len Barry - the guy who won't work with any sloppy, long-haired singers - almost didn't get into the restaurant we'd reserved for lunch. The restaurant requires ties and jackets, see - and Len only had a sportshirt on. □

THE TEMPTATIONS TATTLE ON EACH OTHER

MEL FRANKLIN:

The four other members of the group are just fantastic performers - I can't think of any four other guys I would rather perform with.

Eddie is the kind of guy you just can't help but like. He keeps a jovial attitude and peace of mind about him. He's part-time nut and part-time confused, and we always try to help him as much as we can. He's a wonderful guy to know.

OTIS WILLIAMS:

I am not going to take anyone of the group apart and describe them because to me they are on the same level. We all stand by and help each other out, no matter what the crisis would be. They're all A-OK.

David fancies himself a philosopher. Ha-ha. He's the loudest person in the world. He keeps a laugh going at all times. Sometimes we have to run from him. Whenever we do interviews, he sits quietly, but when we're having a good time, he has enough good time for everybody.

Paul is the comic of the group. He's a fantastic singer, a hard worker and he believes in what he does very strongly. I've patterned a lot of things after the way he does them. He's like the elder in the group. He has a lot of wit and intelligence.

Otis and I grew up together. He's like a brother to me. There's nothing in the world like him.

Then there's me. There's nothing in the world like me either. Ha-ha.

PAUL WILLIAMS:

I think they are all a bunch of ... nice guys.

Otis is groovy. Sometimes, not often, he gets moody. We solve this by not saying anything to him, and then he gets groovy again.

Melvin is the same way, Moody.

Eddie is the same way, Moody. David... is mixed up. Ha-ha. He's got so much energy. It gets me tired just watching him.

They're all just groovy people to be around.

DAVID RUFFIN:

Paul is a sincere person. If I have a deep problem, he is the first one I can run to. I love him because he is so crazy. Ha-ha. He is a very good dancer. To me he is just a nice, sweet, lovable crazy person. Very Nice.

Otis is a very, very, very, very, business type of man. He handles all of our business and does a very good job of it.

Melvin, his assistant, holds on to my money as I hold on to him. Ha-ha. He takes care of his part.

Eddie, it took us a while to understand each other. Eddie picks out our stage uniforms and shoes. I help take care of our cars.

EDDIE KENDRICKS:

The whole group is just fantastic. They are all like brothers, trying to help you even when it doesn't concern business. They are lifetime friends. We are one of the greatest groups, not only on stage but also off stage, toward each other.

Melvin is one of the greatest guys you could meet.

At one time David and I didn't get on very well, but now I know what a beautiful person he is.

I've known Paul since I was six. We've had our ups and downs, but he's still the greatest. And so is Otis, who's like another Hitler. Ha-ha. He's the boss of the group and we give him that respect.



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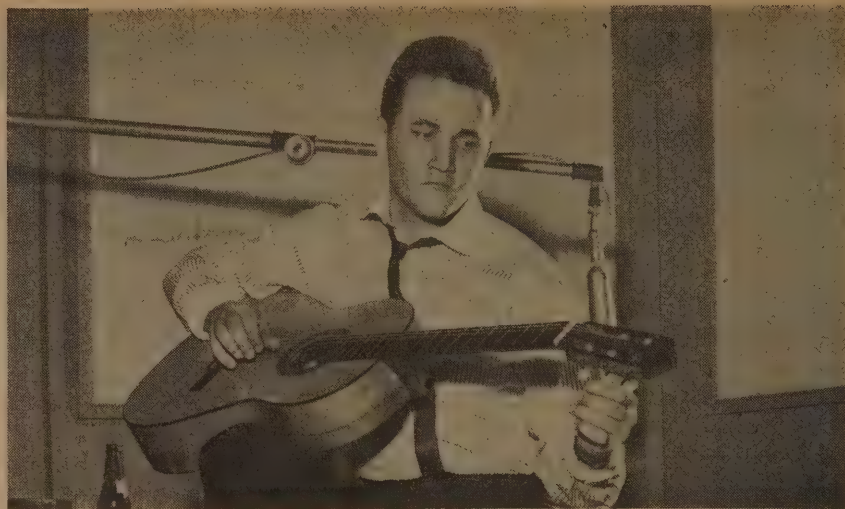
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MY UNCLE USED TO LOVE ME BUT SHE DIED

Chorus

F Eb C7 Bb

MY UN - CLE USED TO LOVE ME BUT SHE DIED, A

C7 F

chick - en ain't chick-en 'til it's lick-in' good fried. Keep on the

B C7 F Fine

sun-ny side! MY UN - CLE USED TO LOVE ME BUT SHE DIED.

F

1. Who'll give a quar - ter, thir - ty cents for a ring of keys;

F

Three six - ty - five for a dol - lar bill of gro - cer - ies. I'll

B 3

have me a car of my own some - day, But, 'til then, I

C7

need me a ride! MY UN - CLE USED TO LOVE ME BUT SHE DIED. MY

- Hamburger... Cup of Coffee... Lettuce and Tomato!
 Two times a dime to see a man kiss the alligator.
 One more time around free on the Ferris Wheel ride!
MY UNCLE USED TO LOVE ME BUT SHE DIED! (CHO.)
- Apples are for eating and snakes are for hissing.
 I heard about hugging and I heard about kissing;
 I read about it free in a fifty cent illustrated guide.
MY UNCLE USED TO LOVE ME BUT SHE DIED! (CHO.)

● LOVE IS A HURTIN' THING

(As recorded by Lou Rawls/Capitol)
BEN RALEIGH
DAVE LINDEN

For every little kiss there's a little
teardrop
For every single thrill
There's another heartache
The road is rough
The goin' gets tough
Yes, love is a hurtin' thing
Love is a hurtin' thing.

When love brings so much joy
Why must it bring such pain
Guess it's a mystery

That nobody can explain
Maybe I'm a fool to keep on loving you
'Cause there may come a time
You'll break my heart in two
But I want you so
Want you though I know that love is
a hurtin' thing, oh.

When you're in my arms
I feel I'm on a throne
But when we're apart
I walk the streets alone
One day happiness, next day
loneliness
Oh love is a hurtin' thing
Yes, love is a hurtin' thing.

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●FA-FA-FA-FA-FA
(SAD SONG)

(As recorded by Otis Redding/Volt)
OTIS REDDING
STEVE CROPPER

Fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa
fa-fa-fa

I keep singing them sad, sad songs
Lord sad songs is all I know
I keep singing them sad, sad songs
Y'all sad songs is all I know
There's a sweet melody to mine
Everybody can sing it any old time
Captures your heart, puts you in a groove
And when you sing this song it'll make
your whole body move
It goes fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa
You turn now fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa
My turn now.

All my life I've been singing sad songs
Trying to get my message to you
Honey, but this is the only song I can sing
And when I get to singing
My message from me to you
It goes fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-fa-
fa-fa-fa.

~~~~~

It's a lovely song, y'all  
Sweet music honey  
It's just a line over  
It tells a story baby  
You've got to get the message  
A strong message honey  
A lovely lone baby  
A wordy line baby  
Watch me.

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●SEE SEE RIDER

(As recorded by Eric Burdon & The Animals/MGM)  
MA RAINEY

Oh see, see see rider  
Girl, see what you've done  
Oh see see rider  
See what you've done, now  
You've gone away and left me  
And now the blues they come  
Oh yes they do.

Now see see rider  
I love you, yes I do  
And there isn't one thing darling  
I would not do for you  
You know I want you, see see  
I need you by my side  
See see rider oh keep me satisfied.

See see rider, see see rider  
See see rider, see rider  
See see rider, keep on a-ridin' keep  
on a-ridin'  
Here it comes baby, look out  
Keep it, all right, don't lose it now  
Come on, come on yeah.

Well, I'm goin', goin' away baby  
And I won't be back till fall  
Yes I'm goin', goin' away baby  
And I won't be back till fall  
If I find me a good lookin' woman  
No, no, no I won't be back at all  
That's the truth, baby  
Listen, I'm goin' all right.

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● LITTLE MAN

(As recorded by Sonny and Cher/Atco)  
SONNY BONO

Little man when you stand by my side  
Then I know I don't have to hide from  
anyone  
And I pray that we'll stay just that way  
Till the day comes along when we catch  
the sun.

Little girl, you're runnin'  
Come catch my hand I'm near you  
Little girl, you're singin'  
Come close to me I hear you.

You're growing old now mothers scold  
Now it's time that you learned what it  
meant to be mature  
There's no such place as make believe  
But when I see your face I'm not so sure.

Little girl, you're runnin'  
Come catch my hand I'm near you  
Little girl, you're singin'  
Come close to me I hear you.

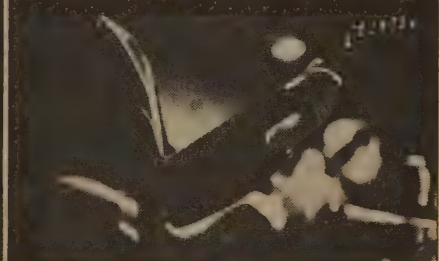
You and me is what I see and that's the  
way it's gonna stay  
And it will always be  
So little man, please understand  
That in this world with all its land,  
you're all I see.

Little girl, you're runnin'  
Come catch my hand I'm near you  
Little girl, you're singin'  
Come close to me I hear you.

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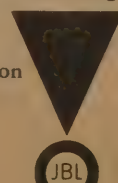


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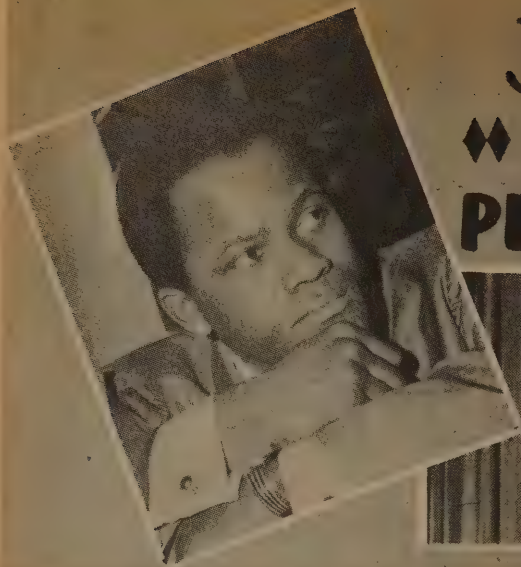
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# JOE TEX

## ◆ THE OLD ◆

### PHILOSOPHER



I like to write songs from true experiences. Things that have actually happened. You can't get away from the truth of everyday life. Sometimes I'll be sitting down listening to people talk and they'll give you a title for a song. Most of my titles have been from people just talking. I usually start with a title and then go on to the song and put in true-to-life experiences.

I got the idea for "S-Y-S-L-J-F-M" when we were going to Nashville for a recording session. My publisher, Buddy Killen of Tree Music, said he had been talking to Jerry Wexler of Atlantic Records and said he wanted me to do something different from all the slow things we had been doing. He said he wanted something like Wilson Pickett's "634-5789." Since Wilson used numbers, I decided to use letters and I thought of "Save Your Sweet Love Just For Me." A lot of kids told me they didn't know what it meant and I told them that after I gave a line with the letters, I told what the letters meant in the next line. Then the kids said "Oh, I got it now." But by then, they took the record off the market.

The song I did that I liked the most didn't even go out doors. It's called "Say Thank You." I was sure that that record would be our big one. But, instead, it was "Hold What You've Got," which I didn't particularly like.

I wrote "Say Thank You" in the dressing room of the Continental Club in Miami, Fla. My wife is a very sweet person. One of the things I hate about myself is that I can't put my trust in people. I don't know where it comes from, but I was sitting in the dressing room wondering why I couldn't put my trust in my wife wholeheartedly. I just couldn't let myself go. I told myself I should be proud of having the kind of woman that I have. I should be grateful and say thank you for being married to such a sweet girl. I just jotted down a few lines "lips she just kiss you and hands she

touch you." I used parts of the body to get a different approach. There's one line in the song "before she came along, your life was never like this. You should be thankful, say thank you."

"Hold What You Got" was written for myself too. We were on our way to record another song in Muscle Shoals, Alabama. I was driving along, thinking about my past, and I thought of how I missed a girl I used to go with in high school. I thought what I had done to blow the whole thing. I loved her then, we used to talk about getting married when she got out of college someday. And I lost her.

She finally married a math instructor out of Prairieview College in Texas. They live in Austin now. I just found out from some home folks-that's where she is. But I blew it and I'm married now, so I decided to hold on to what I got and make the best of it. It's water over the bridge with the other girl.

Hold on to what you got - it didn't register then, but it hit me when I was riding down the highway. Just like I wanted that girl, if I let my old lady go, someone would have her before I could count. So I got me a piece of paper and I jotted it down. But I didn't want to record the song because I didn't wanna let people know I was giving myself a lecture. You know, you don't wanna let the world know about those things.

At the session we had some time left over and Buddy told me to do it. We did up 7 takes and I ad-libbed the talking part in the middle. After it was done, I begged Buddy Killen not to put it out, but he said that was the hit song. That's what the people want to hear. It made me mad that he was gonna put it out. Two weeks later, I was riding down the highway listening to the radio and a pop station played it.

I got the idea for "Don't Let Your Children Pay" when I was in a hotel one night, just lying there going over

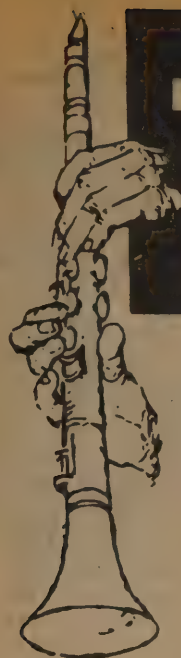
my past. I was thinking, I wish my father was still living so I could hang out with him. He and my mother were divorced when I was two. He finally died in 1950 in Houston. Anyway, I was just wishing we could be together to do father-and-son things. So we could enjoy some of my success together. Maybe I could do something for him. I was just thinking how my mother and father broke up. It was hard on my mother raising us kids and my aunt had a lot of kids that she was raising alone. None of the kids really turned out bad. None of them were gangsters or anything, but if the women didn't stick with us, I guess we wouldn't have made it.

I decided I would stick with my son and wife and not let him experience life in a broken home. That gave me the idea "don't let your children pay" because it's not their fault for coming into the world. Although it happened to me, I was telling the world to stick with your thing and try to make it and don't make your children pay for a mistake that you made.

Everything in that song is true - about the man spending the money. This happened in my family. He'd work and throw the money away instead of putting it to good use. I heard the women say thousands of times, "I'd leave you if it wasn't for the children." I heard my mother and my aunt and my grandmother say "if it was just you and me I'd pack my bags and go."

People ask me about a song on our first album. At the end of "C.C. Rider," where I say "I'm going down to Georgia to find me a woman who will cook and wash my overalls," I do a thing on the end about paper bags. I remember we used to go to the store and get cookies in a bag. And "sneakers tennis" - that's what we used to call the canvas shoes we wore when we were kids "here they come with their sneakers tennis on, carrying paper bags in their hands." □





by Jim Delehant

Stanley Dance is a jazz critic. You might have seen his name on a record review, a liner note or an article in any magazine. He gets around. I like him because he talks intelligently about all music. Although Coleman Hawkins hates jazz critics, he likes Stanley. He knows more about Duke Ellington than anybody, admits frankly that he can't stand avant-garde jazz, and discusses a rock and roll L.P. if it has jazz possibilities.

A couple of years ago he said in a Saturday Review record column (about the "Green Onions" L.P. by Booker T. and the M.G.'s) — "'I Got A Woman' and 'Lonely Avenue' are rewarding. There is nothing self-conscious about the back-beat." For a jazz critic to even mention rock and roll or rhythm and blues, it is indeed a brave feat. In Stanley's case it's simpler than that. If he likes a record, he'll say so.

"I've written more favorably about organ groups than most critics," says Stan, "because I think it's amazing what some of the musicians have done with that instrument. They make it swing, for one thing, and that was unheard of at one time."

This lack of swing is the reason Stan gave up on avant-garde jazz. "I think the 'artiness' of jazz has destroyed much of its warmth. Rock and roll might get jazz thinking more about the blues again. Although rock and jazz are both heavily infiltrated by blues, present attempts at fusion are tasteless. What it boils down to is trying to sell jazz by just throwing in a rock beat. You don't want to down-grade the music."

However, Stan pointed out two recent albums where the pop-jazz fusion was successful. One is a June Gardner L.P. on Mercury and the other is the George Benson "Uptown" L.P. on Columbia. "The Gardner L.P. is very musicianly,"



*Stan likes the Rolling Stones.*

says Stan, "and any jazz or rock musician could listen to Benson, particularly on a track called 'Jaguar'. This is a good example of how the fusion would be profitable for jazz."

"Because of this stress on commercialism, we must be suspicious of its use in jazz. Normally, it's not adding anything to jazz...but Benson is doing it with taste. Jazz musicians have often said to me that much of rock and roll is terrible, but they express admiration for the rhythms that these kids come up with. The fusion must be handled with taste, so both forms will have a renewed strength."

Stanley has also noticed electric bass players using rock changes in jazz bands. "A few years back I saw a Buddy Tate band play for dancing in a Harlem club. He had Everett Darksdale, a very popular session man, playing this style of bass. It was very exciting."

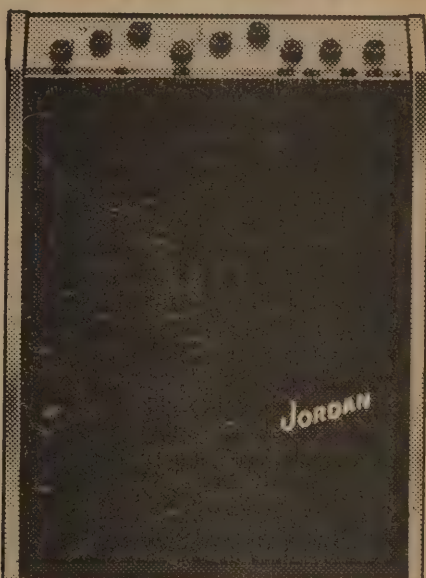
Now that jazz drumming is getting more and more unrhythmical and attempts are being made to use drums as a solo instrument (some drummers actually try to play melody), Stan feels the electric bass fills an important role. "Jazz drummers don't use the bass drum like they used to. That 'thump, thump' was an integral part of the rhythm. The electric bass can fill this function when playing simple changes, and it can do it better than a stand-up bass because the electric one thumps. It's especially effective in a large club like the Village Gate."

What about rock and roll groups? Stan says, "I like the Rolling Stones, mainly because I'm familiar with their influences. I love Muddy Waters and B.B. King. Only trouble is, the Stones make millions and Ed Sullivan won't even look twice at the originals. Being English (Stan is English), I hear things they say that make me laugh, but I think it escapes Americans. There's something comical when a cockney accent is put on top of a southern accent."

"But it's just a phase. Pop will change and I don't see any reason why jazz won't change. At one time small string orchestras playing Viennese waltzes were very popular. That's quite dead now. When I was 14, we were sick of hearing a favorite pop record after 3 months. Curiously, the jazz records never went stale." □



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# ONE WORLD of



*What, oh what will the Yardbirds do without Eric Burdon?*



*Mike Clark plays electric drums.*

If there is one moment in time when a world situation is captured by a single image, then for me the catalytic moment in contemporary music happened at about 8:40 p.m. on Sunday, June 5 – Pacific Time – when The Beatles leered out at America on the Ed Sullivan Show, wearing Californian sunglasses.

Paul had the round wire-framed glasses of John Sebastian of The Lovin' Spoonful, and John Lennon, looking more like a delinquent Grecian god than ever, wore the prim, rectangular, tinted shades of The Byrds' austere mastermind McGuinn.

And in this first incredible visual moment one saw the marvelous coming-together of the potent international forces of popular music.

No longer is there any remnant of the British-U.S. gulf caused by the European explosion which began with The Beatles and rumbled onwards from Liverpool, through The Stones, The Kinks and The Moody Blues, The Yardbirds, Manfred Mann and The Animals.

When I was first involved with popular music, it was as a regretful witness to the chauvinistic pride we had in Adam Faith and Cliff Richard (naming the better ones) and a whole theatrical of lesser and larger inadequate idols, not one of whom was able to make the slightest imprint on the chart territory of the United States.

But it was scarcely more acceptable to find, when I first came to live in America in February 1965, that this home of rhythm had gone off its head over English artists – any English artist, good or bad, valid or phony.

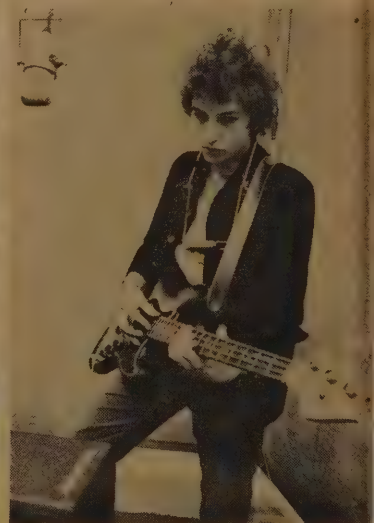
The situation was bad because it was unreal. The Beatles and The Stones had for so long frankly and unequivocally acknowledged their debt to the great American blues artists – Howlin' Wolf, Muddy Waters, The Miracles and to early rock-'n'-rollers (Chuck Berry, Little Richard, Gene Vincent) – that any American who doubted the strength of his own home-grown sounds was deluding himself.

What the good – and the great – British performers had done was to bring a home-grown feeling to their music. They had dared to sing in the native accents of Liverpool and London and Birmingham, of things familiar to young people brought up in the fifties in Britain, in melodies created by 1965 Britain.

And in my view, it was time for a sense of world-unity to establish itself so that there would be no talk of the Liverpool Sound or the Nashville Sound or the West Coast Sound, but only a real determination to make the best international music.



*Above, Dave Crosby and Jim McGuinn salute the astronauts. Below, Simon says "Where is Marlboro country anyhow?" Right, Bob plays 4-string electric hair.*





# POP MUSIC

by  
Harry  
Pules



*Above, nobody came to a Mama's and Papa's concert so they sit back and watch themselves. Below, the Beach Boys pose with their pet werewolf.*



*Beaky, Mick, Dozy and Howie watch the taxman at work.*

The gap, I felt, had to be bridged to eliminate so much baleful, banal talk of "British Dominance" and "U.S. Invasions".

Well.....it happened. It started slowly, but it happened.

There was an indefinable beginning when The Beatles gave a musical acknowledgement to Dylan with "I'm a Loser", and when the Big Four met the Big B in their New York hotel in August 1964 and Dylan, in his cool, detached way, turned them on to the mature splendors of his personality and his mind.

But the most dramatic recent musical merging of the two nations began; I believe, when the unknown Byrds recorded "Mr. Tambourine Man".

I choose "Mr. Tambourine Man" for the following reasons:

1. The Byrds were the beginning of the Californian Dream — the first of the hitmakers to rock the world from Los Angeles. ALL others came later.

2. They gave mighty Columbia Records their first Number One in thirty months.

3. They were the first U.S. rock'n'roll group to top the British charts since the onset of The Beatles in 1963.

4. They were the first to tap Dylan's matériel and amplify it.

5. They have survived.

Well.....The Byrds came to England and there are those who say they were bad and those who say they were beautiful. I would say there were times when they were both.

And they did achieve two things: they won the respect of The Beatles whom they greatly admired; and they opened a new highway along which the new American music could march in ceaseless procession.

Through the door opened by The Byrds came the lilting loveliness of The Lovin' Spoonful, the wit and sadness of Simon and Garfunkel, the novel harmonies of The Mamas and Papas, the wordy magic of Bob Lind, and the studied freedom and carefully image-right beatnikry of Sonny and Cher.

The British learned that the charts were no longer an extension of the Union Jack.

And most of all.....it was clear that there was room for everyone. There was no limit to the number of artists who could make it. Suddenly music became completely international. Beatles and Byrds, Stones and Spoonful, Manfred Mann and Mamas and Papas, Davis and Dylan,

(Continued on page 54)





# GRANNY'S

DAVE CLARK



MAMA CASS



HOLLY GRAHAM NASH



TOMMY ROE



Following their highly successful tour, the *Rolling Stones* hung around Hollywood for awhile. *Bill Wyman* sent for his wife, *Diane*, and, *Mick* sent for his girlfriend, *Chrissie*. Apparently, *Charlie* and *Brian* had enough sun to last them for quite some time because they headed back to England, while *Keith* reportedly flew off to New York for the remainder of his vacation.... *The Hollies* are going to be movie stars. At least, they're going to give it a shot. It's to be a Hollywood campus film with *Graham Nash* and *Alan Clarke* being eyed for large roles, with the other *Hollies* appearing in the movie with lesser parts. Speaking of *Graham Nash*, while in New York recently, his most constant companion was *Cass Elliot* - looks pretty serious between *Cass* and *Graham*....*Sam the Sham* is going to be an actor. *Sam* will be making his acting debut in "*The Fastest Gun Alive*", which will also star pop singer *Roy Orbison*.....*Paul Revere and the Raiders* have filmed an episode of ABC's "*Batman*" - they will be the first rock and roll group to be on the show. On his last trip to the States, *Donovan* met a lovely lass from Los Angeles, named *Enid*. He recently invited her to vacation with him, his manager and his manager's wife in Greece - last word on them was - "We are staying in a lovely stone house, high on a hill, which can only be reached by burros"..... The meeting of the year has finally happened. Yes, *Mama Cass* has made contact with *Beatle John* - and the end results were super-great. "On my third evening in London, I had a date with *Graham Nash* of the *Hollies*. We went to *Dolly's* (a London discotheque similar to "*The Arthur*" in New York and "*The Daisy*" in Los Angeles). When I got home, I was very tired because of all the excitement about being in England and all, so I went to sleep. I wasn't asleep for more than an hour, when the door to my room burst open and *Denny* came running in. *Denny* started bouncing on my bed, yelling 'Cass, get up, they're here, *John* and *Paul* are downstairs!' I couldn't believe it - not now, I thought, of all the times to come calling - I look awful, sleepy, yuck! But, in less than five minutes I was downstairs and was greeted first by *John Lennon* (*Paul* was playing the piano). He said a few words and I said a few words - we were being sarcastic. Finally, we sort of looked at each other and realized

KEITH RICHARD



SAM THE SHAM





# GOSSIP

(Got any questions about the stars? write to Granny c/o Hit Parader 529 5th Ave., New York, N.Y.)

SOPWITH CAMEL



LOTHAR



ZAL & STEVE



that we didn't want to be sarcastic that way, we smiled and talked for hours." We asked Cass what they talked about, and she replied, "Wouldn't you like to know.".....*Dave Clark* was offered the lead part in a London musical show, "Charley Girl," but turned it down, due to his work with the *Dave Clark Five* - After the Dave Clark tour ended, Dave vacationed for a few weeks in the south of France.... Well, it happened again, *Herman's* lovely mom is pregnant - this time they are hoping for a boy ... *Tommy Roe* moved from Atlanta, Georgia to Los Angeles to work on some films and television....*Keith Richards* has a reason to be happy these days, *Karen Moller* may soon say "yes".....*The Monkees!* Who are they? Where do they come from? In case you missed our last issue - The Monkees are *Davy Jones*, who played in "Oliver" and "Pickwick" on Broadway, whose home is Winchester, England. Davy's 21 and adorable. *Michael Nesmith* hails from Texas. Better known as "Wool Hat", he has been known as someone who used to 'live at the Troubadour', a folk club in Los Angeles. *Peter Tork* started out to follow his father's footsteps into college teaching, but turned to singing as an alternative to finishing school. Peter is also listed as 'an ex-folk singer' from Greenwich Village. The group's drummer, is *Mickey Dolenz* who many will recognize from TV's 'Circus Boy'. The boys all share a house together in the hills of Los Angeles.... After a recent concert, the *Rolling Stones* equipment was stolen. What made the boys especially furious was the fact that their Dulcimer (Brian's favorite and only electronic Dulcimer in the world) was among the missing equipment....All the instruments were custom made....*Zal 'Spoonful'* had a party for *Joe 'Spoonful'*. Among the large number of guests were *Mama Cass Elliot*, all of the *Hollies* and many more. Zally served cocktails and tasty sandwiches. Music was heard at its best - *John's dog, Kahuna*, got a bit too tippy on some champagne that Zally gave her..... Two new groups on the scene are *The Sop With Camel* and *Lothar and the Hand People* - they are both appearing nightly at Greenwich Village's "Night Owl Cafe" - catch them if you can....*Petula Clark*, *Lovin' Spoonful*, *Jim Kueskin* and the *Jug Band* and *Bobby Darin*, are just a few of the acts that appear on the *Roger Miller* show this fall on television. □

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## ●ALL THAT I AM

(As recorded by Elvis Presley with Jordanaires/RCA Victor)

SID TEPPER

ROY C. BENNETT

All that I am

Or ever hope to be

Lies in your hands

You are my destiny

When you are in my arms

I rule the world

And when we're far apart

How cruel the world.

All that I want

Is to be near to you

To spend my life

Making it clear to you

You are my heart, my soul, my dream

come true

All that I am, I am because of you, because of you, because of you.

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## ●IF I WERE A CARPENTER

(As recorded by Bobby Darin/  
Atlantic)

TIM HARDIN

If I were a carpenter would you marry me anyway

Would you have my baby

If a tinker were my trade would you still love me

Carrying the parts I made, following behind me.

Save my love through loneliness

Save my love for sorrow

I've given you my ownliness

Come and give me your tomorrow.

If I worked my hands in wood, would you still love me

Answer me baby, yes I would, I'd put you above me

If I were a miller at a mill-wheel grinding Would you miss your colored box, your soft shoe shining.

Save my love through loneliness

Save my love for sorrow

I've given you my ownliness

Come and give me your tomorrow.

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## ●WALK AWAY RENEE

(As recorded by The Left Banke/  
Smash)

MIKE BROWN

TONY SANSONE

BOB CALILLI

And when I see the sign that points one way

The lot we used to pass by everyday

Just walk away Renee

You won't see me follow you back home

The empty sidewalks on my block are not the same you're not to blame.

From deep inside the tears that I forced to cry

I chose to hide

Just walk away Renee

You won't see me follow you back home.

Now as the rain beats down upon my weary eyes for me it cries

Your name and mine inside a heart upon a wall

Still finds a way to haunt me though they're so small

Just walk away Renee

You won't see me follow you back home

Now as the rain beats down upon my weary eyes for me it cries.

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(Robert Vaughn)

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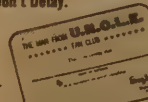
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## •THE HAIR ON MY CHINNY CHIN CHIN

(As recorded by Sam the Sham and the Pharoahs/MGM)

**RONALD BLACKWELL**

You hid your heart in a house of bricks  
And locked all the doors and windows  
I've already used a whole bag of tricks  
I can't find a way to get in  
Though you don't want to let a new love start

So you put a big house around your heart

But I'm going to keep hanging around  
Till I huff and puff and blow your little house down.

I swear by the hair on my chinny chin chin

I'm going to find a way to get in  
I'm going to keep hanging around  
Till I huff and puff and blow your little house down.

Your heart was broken once before  
Now my heart can't get near you  
I'd like to make up for a few mistakes  
But another love just scared you.

I swear by the hair on my chinny chin chin

I'm going to find a way to get in  
I'm going to keep hanging around  
Till I huff and puff and blow your little house down.

You don't want to let my new love start  
So you built a big house around your heart  
But I'm going to keep hanging around  
Till I huff and puff and blow your little house down.

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## •I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH MYSELF

(As recorded by Dionne Warwick/Scepter)

**HAL DAVID**

**BURT BACHARACH**

I just don't know what to do with myself  
Don't know just what to do with myself  
I'm so used to doing everything with you  
Planning everything for two  
And now that we're through  
I just don't know what to do with my time  
I'm so lonesome for you it's a crime  
Going to a movie only makes me sad  
Parties make me feel as bad  
When I'm not with you  
I just don't know what to do.

Like a summer rose needs the sun and the rain

I need your sweet love to ease all the pain  
I just don't know what to do with myself  
I don't know just what to do with myself  
Oh baby, if your new love ever turns you down

Come on back, I will be around just waiting for you  
I don't know what else to do.

Like a summer rose needs the sun and the rain

I need your sweet love to ease,  
I need your sweet love to ease all the pain.

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## •ALMOST PERSUADED #2

(As recorded by Ben Colder/MGM)

**GLENN SUTTON**

**BILLY SHERRILL**

Last night I stumbled into a barroom  
Met a girl with a pint in her purse  
She was cuter than two speckled puppies  
And I said, Ben you could do no worse.

Then I walked across the room full of tables

Walked across her table, too  
And I plopped myself down in a chair  
And said hi there

She whispered my name is Mabel  
All I could do was say hi there.

Allow me to introduce myself  
Ben Colder here  
She said I ain't been no colder here  
Than I have anywhere else.

I had her almost persuaded to slip -  
strip myself of my pride  
Almost persuaded to slip me a drink on the side.

Then we danced and we danced and we danced and we danced

That is, I thought we were dancing  
Till somebody stepped on my hand  
Then I looked into her eyes and I saw it

The reflection of my wedding band  
And then I thought to myself, this sure is strange

I'm not even married, what it was was my wristwatch.

I had her almost persuaded to come and be my own  
Almost persuaded then her boyfriend came and made me go home.

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## •DANDY

(As recorded by Herman's Hermits/MGM)

**DAVIES**

Dandy, Dandy where you gonna go now  
Who you gonna run to  
All your little life you're chasing all the girls

They can't resist your smile  
Uh-mm they long for Dandy, Dandy  
Chatting up the ladies, tickling their fancy

Pouring out your charms to meet your own demands

And you turn it off at will  
Oh-oh they long for Dandy, Dandy.

Knocking on the back door  
Climbing through the window  
Pop has gone away and while the cat's away

The mice are gonna play  
Oh-oh you low-down Dandy, Dandy,  
Dandy.

Dandy, you know you're moving much too fast

And, Dandy, you know you can't escape the past

Look around you and see the people settle down

And when you're old and gray you will remember what they said

That two girls were too many, three's a crowd and four you're dead

Oh-oh, Dandy, Dandy when you gonna give up

Are you feelin' old now you always will be free

And you gave no sympathy a bachelor you will stay

And, Dandy, you're all right  
You're all right, you're all right  
You're all right, you're all right.

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# THE MANY STEPS TO Stardom PART II ACTING UP

By Helen Rosenbaum

Pretend you are a willow tree. At the controversial Actor's Studio utilizing "The Method"—"a theory of acting so complicated to explain, I won't even attempt it," says a Studio spokesman—willow trees into great actors grow. Here, professionals under the direction of Lee Strasberg experiment with new forms of creative theater. The late Marilyn Monroe was a member. Today, Carol Baker, Marlon Brando and Anne Bancroft are among the Actor's Studio's most loyal boosters—and members.

You, too, might make a good tree.

But what about other chances for life upon the proverbial "wicked stage"?

Teens across the country are discovering that many top-rated acting schools have initiated special Saturday classes just for them.

At N.Y.'s famed American Academy of Dramatic Arts, a school founded in 1884 whose list of graduates reads like a virtual Who's Who of the entertainment industry, offers jr. high and high school students a series of coed courses for beginning, intermediate and advanced actors. Each course meets for three hours on Saturdays for 25 weeks and is comprised of voice and speech production, movement, drama, character approach, singing and make-up. All are taught by professionals in these respective fields.

"You just upstaged her, you wedged her in between the sofa. She had to push her way out to get to center stage. Be sure to keep on an even alignment with each other," shouts director John Lemley from the back of

the dimly lit, empty theater where two actors from the beginners' class are in the midst of a dress rehearsal for their first AADA production.

"Don't upstage her again or POW!" laughs Lemley.

A professional actor with many television and off Broadway credits, he continues his direction. Carefully observing every student's performance on stage, he takes notes on each one.

After the rehearsal of one scene from "Blythe Spirit", (each class will give one scene the next week from a play of their own choosing before their parents and the general public at the Academy's ultra-modern theater), the cast settles down and listens to Lemley's critique: "Bill, keep off the stage if you are prompting. Prompters should be neither seen nor heard..Joan, keep your voice big, keep it going, you tend to fade out and it's a big theater...You dropped a few of your lines, Judy. Just follow the script...Peter, your exit was atrocious...."

"A bad dress rehearsal means a good opening night performance. There was just enough wrong with this to make everything come out all right," Lemley sighs.

Actors must be sensitive to everything around them. Except criticism from directors.

The stage is now aglow with the intermediate class. They're more sophisticated to the ways of the stage. Yet, director-playwright Jack Milanos sees they still have much to do, much to learn.

The name of the play in production: "Light Up, The Sky".

The name of the game: Curtain going up, so shape up.

"C'mon, galvanize," he prods a performer. "Timing is important. You throw it off if your lines are shaky. In comedy, relaxation of the attack is what makes it funny.

"You must know what your character looks like, even if you have never known this particular type of individual," Milanos tells the entire cast. "Listening is the most important thing in acting. If you don't listen to what the other characters are saying, you end up merely picking up your line, not sustaining the role or the mood. Every speech should have a point. Make your attitudes definite. Think, project clearly—don't play a character too generally. All have experience and ideas behind them.

"You can't learn your lines by rote. You must know the natural progression of the character you play—what he or she is trying to do.

"Acting is doing, not feeling," Milanos cautions. "Feeling comes from doing. Don't over-act—or it will come across just that way."

Are the teen-age classes worthwhile?

Paul Corrigan, 15, a beginner who hopes to join the intermediate class next term, enthusiastically says, "I find the course helpful in giving me a basic understanding of the theater. I never really thought that acting entailed so much work. It all looks so effortless when you see professionals on stage."

"It was my father's idea that I come here to study acting," declares 14-year-old Laurel Taylor, a niece of famed actress Laurette Taylor. Laurel, already an accomplished model, finds that she has benefited most by the Academy's stress on technique and discipline.

Amy Seldon, a high school junior, is representative of many students who do not necessarily want to make the theater their career. Yet they find the course helps them in areas beyond the entertainment field itself. "Studying acting helps to bring out a shy person. You actually work on stage with others, learning to project and accept criticism," she states.

Beatnik types are not welcome at the Academy, which charges \$160 for each of its teen programs. "Being sloppy is just a pose, an affectation," asserts the Director of Admissions. "It is no indication of talent."

The AADA, like the Goodman School of Theater in Chicago and The Pasadena Playhouse in California, also offers full

time one-and two-year day time programs and many evening courses for high school graduates intent upon stage careers. Realizing that the theater is becoming more and more of a major force in American life today, numerous colleges are expanding their drama departments. Some, like Carnegie Tech in Pennsylvania, New York University, and Northwestern University in Chicago, offer a drama major with a full four-year program, leading to a Bachelor of Arts degree. (For a full listing of accredited colleges offering a major in drama, consult "Lovejoy's College Guide".) Incidentally, the three drama schools mentioned here offer college credits that are transferable to many universities and colleges throughout the United States.

"Whatever you do, avoid those little private coaches," an administrator of a large acting school asserts. "A classroom is the best learning situation. Pupils benefit from seeing each other perform—learning to work with their role in relationship to the rest of the play—and gaining much from each other's mistakes."

Send this actor to summer camp!

Yes, many teens are learning stagecraft and enjoying the spirit of the season at summer camps which specialize in acting. Unlike summer stock apprentices who often end up spending their time as ticket takers or stagehands, summer acting camps offer a genuine opportunity for all campers to appear on stage in several productions. For a list of such camps, check with your local branch of The Ameri-



Sophia is self-taught.



can Camping Association or The Association of Private Camps.

One of the oldest and most respected of these camps is The Gateway Playhouse in Bellport, Long Island, N.Y. Here at Gateway's professional, modern theater, a new full-length, all-student play is given each week throughout the summer, with campers' parents, members of the local community, theatrical agents and the general public eagerly purchasing tickets.

Each play is rehearsed for 2 to 3 weeks. Thus, several companies are in rehearsal at the same time. To ensure roles for all campers, coed enrollment is limited to 70 jr. high and high school students. To prepare them for their roles, many hours are devoted to the study of acting technique, voice and diction, dance movement, and make-up—taught not by college student counselors but by trained professional performers.

A summer at the Playhouse costs \$685, including room and board. This cost is representative of most good acting camps today. However, price varies according to location and facilities.

In a unique arrangement with Columbia Pictures, Gateway also serves as Columbia's talent farm—with the movie company granting scholarships to young stars they've recently signed, and now wish them to spend a summer at the camp perfecting their talents under expert guidance. Debby Walley, Janet Landgard and James Darren were among the many newcomers who were literally sent to camp, spending a summer at Bellport, soaking up stardom. "It was a memorable learning experience," Debby recalls.

And Joyce Selznick, Columbia's eastern talent director, not only uses the Playhouse for showcasing promising and established contractees but finds it a source of discovering unknown talent as well!

Blond Howie Young, a Quintano junior who recently formed a rock and roll group, The Young Set, which he booked into a top Greenwich Village night spot, enjoys the freedom of this school which has no dress standards, as many students report directly to the theater after classes.

"Going here gives me the opportunity to combine a career with my regular school work," he states. "If I attended any other high school, I would never have time to work with and get bookings for my group. We might have a recording contract with a top label soon," he says with pride.

"There are many opportunities to break into show business just

by attending this school," he continues. "Casting directors call up all the time, with teen-age roles. Recently a call came in for some students to try out for parts in the movie, 'Up The Down Staircase'."

Among the recent graduates of Quintanos who also credit their Alma Mater with helping them to make a success of school and their career include Patty Duke, Class of '64 and singing groups: The Tokens, The Crystals and Randy and The Rainbows.

But wipe the stardust from your eyes and enter the field looking ahead clearly and realistically. "Many acting schools make their living off people who are never going to make it," charges Mr. Moser, an English teacher at Quintanos, who has closely observed the acting scene for several years. "Before taking any sort of lessons, make sure you are not high-pressured into expensive long-term courses with unbelievable promises of fame and fortune upon graduation. If a school is really interested in your potential, they might even offer you a scholarship.

"If you don't want to start taking lessons, then learn by observing. Most high schools have drama classes or clubs. Join one, and eventually you'll get a chance to appear on stage—even if it is only a one-line role. If there is a university in your town, ask if you can attend rehearsals. Listen and learn. They'll welcome your enthusiasm."

Several top ten surveys ago, Bobby Rydell sang of a "Swingin' School." He might well have been singing the praises of Quintanos School for Young Professionals. For this unusual high school, located in New York, caters to teen-age actors, singers, models and dancers whose working schedules stand in the way of their attending a school with conventional hours.

Thus, Quintanos, which offers only an academic course, has omitted such old favorites as study hall, gym, home economics and lunch—thereby allowing students to attend the



Above, you can be surrounded by pretty girls too. Below Patty Duke went to Quintanos.

school from 10:00 a.m.-1:30 p.m. The rest of the time is spent in going to auditions, taking lessons in some field of the performing arts (these courses are not given at the school itself, only academics are stressed there), or actually working in the entertainment field.

How many students are there in each class?

"It depends on who is in town," says school administrator Arthur Wolff with seriousness. "Some of our students are now in Hollywood making movies or touring with national road companies of Broadway shows. However, they are still responsible for classroom work. In order to keep up with the rest of their grade, they travel with a tutor or take correspondence courses with us," he explains.

Tuition here is \$450 per week. Since 85% of the students are actively working in the theater, most of them are well able to pay for themselves.

Petite Karen Lynn Reed, a 16-year-old junior at the school, is already a veteran of three Broadway shows and featured TV roles. "I started in show business quite by accident," she recalls. "When I was four, I went to dancing school like a million other kids. An agent came to the school and hired me for 'The Children's Hour'. I've been in show business ever since," she says with a carefree shrug.

Karen, like most of the other Quintanos students, spends her



non-school hours in pursuit of a career. "I'm still studying singing, dancing and comedy. One can't afford to specialize; you have to be well-rounded and be prepared for whatever role comes along."

Karen's plans after graduation?

"To concentrate full time on becoming a star. It better happen soon," she says, with a mischievous twinkle.

"This business of acting—there's terrible competition. It is not always how good you are...but who's pushing, knowing which agents to see, how good your connections are," Moser confesses.

Yes, acting is a crowded field. But don't be easily discouraged. For talent scouts are always looking for a new face—a fresh, exciting talent.

And it could be you! □

Next, people in the know give advice on how to be a singer.



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## •TOMORROW NEVER COMES

(As recorded by B.J. Thomas/  
Scepter)

**E. TUBB**

**J. BOND**

Oh you tell me that you love me  
Yes you tell me that you care  
That tomorrow we'll be married  
But tomorrow never comes.

For many weeks now have I waited  
Many, many long nights have I cried  
Just to see that, that happy moment  
When I'll have you right by my side.

Tomorrow ain't never gonna come  
No, no, no tomorrow ain't never gonna  
come

Oh you tell me you love me  
And you say that you want me  
But tomorrow never comes.

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## •NOBODY'S BABY AGAIN

(As recorded by Dean Martin/Reprise)

**BAKER KNIGHT**

People used to call me nobody's baby  
Up until I met you  
People used to call me nobody's baby  
I was feeling so blue  
When you came along  
My life was a song  
I thought that my lonely would end  
Then you went away and left me to stay  
And I'm nobody's baby again.

Nobody's baby again  
I keep missin' you more and more  
Nobody's baby again  
You're the one I've been living for.

People used to call me  
Nobody's baby until they saw me with you  
Walking in a daydream  
Hoping that maybe all my dreams would  
come true  
I planned every move  
And I tried hard to prove  
That even losers can win  
I don't have a knack  
My lonely is back  
And I'm nobody's baby again.

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## •RAIN ON THE ROOF

(As recorded by The Lovin' Spoonful/  
Kama Sutra)

**JOHN SEBASTIAN**

You and me and rain on the roof  
Caught up in a summer shower  
Drying while it soaks the flowers  
Maybe we'll be caught for hours  
Waitin' out the sun.

You and me we're gabbin' away  
Dreamy conversations sittin' in the hay  
Honey, how long was I laughin' in the  
rain with you  
'Cause I didn't feel a drop till the thunder  
brought us to.

You and me underneath a roof of tin  
Pretty comfy feelin' how the rain ain't  
leakin' in  
We can sit and dry just as long as it  
can pour  
'Cause the way it makes you look makes  
me hope it rains some more.

You and me and rain on the roof  
Caught up in a summer shower  
Drying while it soaks the flowers  
Maybe we'll be caught for hours  
Waitin' out the sun.

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## •SPINOUT

(As recorded by Elvis Presley with  
Jordanaires/RCA Victor)

**WAYNE  
WEISMAN  
FULLER**

When her motor's warm  
And she's purring sweet  
Buddy let me warn ya  
You're on a one way street  
She'll crowd you close  
Spin your wheels  
Then you're gonna know how it feels  
to spinout, yeah spinout.

Better watch those curves  
Never let her steer  
If she can shake your nerves  
Boy, then she can strip your gears  
She'll get your heart goin' fast  
Then she'll let you run out of gas  
So spinout, yeah spinout.

The road to love is full of danger signs  
Too many guys were lost across those  
double lines  
Don't you know she's out to prove  
She can really score  
Never saw parts move boy, like that  
before  
To flag you down that's her goal  
Skoot before you lose control  
And spinout, yeah spinout  
Let me hear you spinout  
All right.

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## •ALL I SEE IS YOU

(As recorded by Dusty Springfield/  
Philips)

**C. WESTLAKE**

**B. WEISMAN**

I tried so hard all summer through  
Not to think too much of you  
But the more I try the more I find  
I just can't leave the past behind  
Times that are happy are times that  
are few  
And once I was happy when I had you.

The days have come and gone since  
you were here  
Nights are twice as long without you  
near  
Pictures on my mind stand out so clear  
No matter where I am or what I do  
My, darling, all I see is you you're  
there  
In every dream I ever dream  
There at every place I've ever been.

Every day I find you're in my heart  
and on my mind  
I close my eyes but I'm not blind  
I see you still.

And when I throw my arms out wide  
I find that you're not by my side  
But one thing is for sure until I do  
All I see is you.

Every day I find you're in my heart  
and on my mind  
I close my eyes but I'm not blind  
I see you still.

I won't live again til I'm with you  
Oh, darling, I won't love again unless  
it's with you  
So until the day when you are back with  
me to stay  
In every way  
All I see is you.

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## ●IT JUST HAPPENED THAT WAY

(As recorded by Dean Martin/  
Reprise)

FRED CARTER, JR.

I didn't plan to fall in love with you  
It just happened that way and  
All the time inside my heart I knew  
That I'd regret it someday.

Now I can't stand to be away from you  
But I'm alone every day  
I didn't plan to fall in love with you  
It just happened that way.

I saw you and I loved you  
Why I'll never know  
There wasn't one chance in a million  
That our love would grow  
You were too far above me  
Any fool could plainly see  
But like driftwood on the river  
I floated on helplessly  
I didn't plan to fall in love with you  
Oh it just happened that way  
And all the time inside my heart I knew  
That I'd regret it someday.

Now I can't stand to be away from you  
But I'm alone every day  
I didn't plan to fall in love with you  
It just happened that way.

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## ●A SATISFIED MIND

(As recorded by Bobby Hebb/Philips)

HAYES

RHODES

How many times have you heard someone  
say

If I had his money  
I would do things my way  
But little they know  
That it's so hard to find  
One rich man in ten  
With a satisfied mind.

Once I was winning in fortune and fame  
Everything that I dreamed for to get a  
start in life's game  
Suddenly it happened  
I lost every dime  
Now I'm richer by far  
With a satisfied mind.

'Cause money can't buy back your youth  
when you're old  
Or a friend when you're lonely  
Or a love that's grown cold  
While the wealthiest person  
Is a poor man at times  
Compared to the man with a satisfied  
mind.

Don't you know money can't buy  
back your youth when you're old  
Or a friend when you're lonely  
And what about that love, that love  
you know that's grown cold  
Now you take the wealthiest person  
He ain't nothing but a poor man at times  
Compared to the man with a satisfied  
mind.

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## ●GO AWAY LITTLE GIRL

(As recorded by The Happenings/B.T.  
Puppy)

GOFFIN  
KING

Won't you go away (little girl)  
Wish you wouldn't stay (little girl)  
Won't you go away (little girl)  
Wooo ooo go away.

Go away little girl  
Go away little girl  
I'm not supposed to be alone with you  
Oh yes I know that your lips are sweet  
But our lips must never meet  
I belong to somebody else and I must  
be true  
Please go away little girl  
Go away little girl  
It's hurting me more each minute that  
you delay  
When you are near me like this  
You're much too hard to resist  
So go away little girl before I beg you  
to stay.

Won't you go away (little girl)  
Wish you wouldn't stay (little girl)  
Won't you go away (little girl)  
Wooo ooo go away.

Go away little girl  
Go away little girl  
It's hurtin' me more each minute that  
you delay  
When you are near me like this  
You're much too hard to resist  
So go away little girl  
Call it a day, little girl  
Please go away little girl before I beg  
you to stay.

Won't you go away (little girl)  
Wish you wouldn't stay (little girl)  
Won't you go away (little girl)  
Please go away.

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## ●I'VE GOT TO DO A LITTLE BIT BETTER

(As recorded by Joe Tex/Dial)

JOE TEX

Baby, did I ever make you a promise  
And I got so busy that it slipped my  
mind

These things happen you know  
I'm askin' you to forgive me  
I'm so sorry and I apologize, oh yeah  
'Cause I know to a woman her man's  
promises keeps her going, yes they do  
I got to do a little bit better, than I've  
been doing.

Baby, did you ever need me to hold you  
And I was somewhere else at the time  
foolin' around  
Then I'm askin' you to forgive me  
I'm so sorry and I apologize, oh yeah  
'Cause I know to a woman her man's  
love keeps her going, yes it does  
I got to do a little bit better than I've  
been doing.

A man gets so busy trying to make his  
little ends meet  
That he forgets some of the promises  
he's made, oh yeah  
But when a man's got himself a woman  
that's so sweet and understanding  
You know that man he's got it made in  
the shade  
Baby whatever time you were crying  
And I wasn't there to dry your eyes  
I'm askin' you to forgive me  
I'm so sorry and I apologize, oh yes I am  
'Cause I know to a woman her man's  
attentions keeps her going  
So I got to do a little bit better than I've  
been doing.

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Admittedly, strange things happened as well.....Chad and Jeremy, enormously popular in America, failed to match their success in their own country. So, too, did Ian Whitcomb. Maybe this is because they chose to live in Los Angeles. And Herman's Hermits and The Dave Clark Five had to concede that their popularity was stronger in America than in Britain.

But.....basically, there were no longer nationalistic elements in pop music. There was, once again, only good and bad music. And there was, and is, far more good than bad in the charts.

This Californian scene has been extraordinary in the past year or so. One after another, fine new groups have emerged to become stars, if not overnight – for it isn't as easy as that – then in a month or five weeks – for it is as easy as that.

As I say, it was The Byrds first. They, however, were talking all round Hollywood about the vitality and musical creativity of a group called The Lovin' Spoonful. And the Spoonful themselves, comparatively unknown a year ago, were attributing their own direction to the influences of "jug bands" – a new

term to most teenagers.

Came Barry McGuire upon the scene with a song called "Eve of Destruction" and, no matter what you think of the views or the sincerity of the song, it was a huge hit. And then out of the same Dunhill office came The Mamas and Papas, with three successive Number Ones. And more to follow.....

From California also sprang The Turtles, The Leaves, The Grassroots, The Jefferson Airplane and Captain Beefheart's Magic Band (you'll hear more of all of these soon).

Sunset Boulevard became America's "Cavern". The Strip erupted into what is now known as a SCENE. A new club called "The Trip" – in the psychedelic jargon of the day – was opened to accommodate the new music and its new hipster fans. And whether the groups were Californian or, like The Young Rascals and the Spoonful, from New York, it was essential that they expose themselves to the Strip.

Everyone grew long hair, it seemed. (Everyone except the Sheriff's Deputies and the Middle-classes and even they come to watch.) British music papers

were flown in by the hundred to private subscribers. American albums were flying the Atlantic in the opposite direction.

"Beatles Dig Byrds" ran the headlines. "Spoonful Charm Britain." "Lind Loves London." "Are Sonny and Cher Real?"

And so on.....

The world became much smaller. Brian Epstein seemed to be in America every week. Andrew Oldham, too. Dunhill's Lou Adler visits Britain. Donovan strengthens his U.S. links. Joan Baez sings The Beatles. Val Doonican covers Lind. The Stones record in Hollywood. The Byrds write "Eight Miles High" in London.

Nancy Sinatra sings "Boots" and proves she's more than a pretty daughter. Percy Sledge sings "When a Man Loves a Woman" and asks "what's in a name?"

Dusty Springfield, long deserving a hit here and a Number One in Britain, achieves both. The Troggs, hot on their British triumph, send their disc here and make it just as fast.

And, maybe above all, there are The Beach Boys, who began making records







## ✧ UNDERSTANDING DYLAN ✧

(Continued from page 23)

life and thoughts, and appreciate his generosity in offering you as much as he has by giving you his poems, his songs. In the end you can know Bob Dylan much better than you know your next door neighbor, because of what he shows you in his songs; but first you have to listen to his songs, and stop treating him as though he lived next door.

Another problem, and in a way a much more serious one, is the widespread desire to "find out" what Dylan's trying to say instead of listening to what he is saying. According to Bob, "I've stopped composing and singing anything that has either a reason to be written or a motive to be sung...The word 'message' strikes me as having a hernia-like sound." But people go right on looking for the "message" in everything Dylan writes, as though he were Aesop telling fables. Not being able to *hear* something, because you're too busy listening for the message, is a particularly American malady. There's a tragic lack of freedom in being unable to respond to things because you've been trained to await the commercial and conditioned to listen for the bell.

Take a look at a great painting, or a Polaroid snapshot. Does it have a message? A song is a picture. You see it; more accurately, you see it, taste it, feel it...Telling a guy to listen to a song is like giving him a dime for a roller coaster. It's an experience. A song is an experience. The guy who writes the song and the guy who sings it each feel something; the idea is to get you to feel the same thing, or something like it. And you can feel it *without knowing what it is*.

For example: you're a sixth grader, and your teacher reads you Robert Frost's "Stopping By The Woods On A Snowy Evening". The poem sounds nice; the words are perhaps mysterious, but still powerful and appealing. You don't know what the poem "means", but you get this feeling; the idea of having "miles to go before I sleep" is a pretty simple one, and it means a lot to you. The poet has reached you; he has successfully passed on the feeling he has, and now you have it, too.

Years later you read the poem again, and suddenly it seems crystal clear that the poem is about death, and the desire for it. That never occurred to you as a sixth-grader, of course; does that mean you originally misunderstood the poem? Not necessarily. Your teacher could say "We want the peace death

offers, but we have responsibilities, we are not free to die"; but it wouldn't give you anything: It's a sentence, a platitude. You don't even believe it unless you already know it's true. What the poet does is something different; walking through the woods, he gets a feeling that is similar to the idea your teacher offered you in a sentence. But he does not want to tell you what he believes; that has nothing to do with you. Instead, he tries to make you feel what he feels, and if he succeeds, it makes no difference whether you understand the feeling or not. It is now a part of your experience. And whether you react to the poem as a twelve-year-old kid, or an English professor, it is the feeling you get that is important; understanding is feeling... the ability to explain means nothing at all.

The way to "understand" Dylan is to listen to him. Listen carefully; listen to one song at a time, perhaps playing it over and over to let it sink in. Try to see what he's seeing; a song like "Visions of Johanna" or "Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands" (or almost any of his more recent songs) is full of pictures, moods, images: persons, places and things. "Inside the museums," he sings, "infinity goes up on trial." It doesn't *mean* anything, but you know what a museum feels like to you; and you can see the inside of one, the particular way people look at things in a museum, the atmosphere, the sort of things that are found there. And you have your image of a trial, of a courtroom; perhaps you don't try to picture a lazy-eight infinity stepping up to the witness chair, but there's a solemnity about a trial, easily associable with the image of a museum. And see how easily the feeling of infinity slips into your museum picture, endless corridors and hallways and rooms, a certain duskiness; and perhaps the trial to you becomes the displaying of infinity on the very walls of the museum, like the bones of an old fish; or maybe the fact that museums do have things that are old in them ties in somehow...there's no *explanation*, because the line (from "Visions of Johanna," by the way) is what it is, but certainly the line, the image, can turn into something living inside your mind. You simply have to be receptive...and, of course, it is prerequisite that you live in a world not too unlike Dylan's, that you be aware of museums and courtrooms in a way not too far different from the way he is, that you be able to appreciate the images by having a similar cultural background. It is not necessary that you understand mid-century America and the world of its youth in order to understand Dylan; but you do have to be a part of those worlds, or the

songs will lose all relevance. This is true of most literature, in a way; and of course, Dylan also has his elements of universality as well as his pictures of the specific.

I *could* explain, I suppose. I could say that "Memphis Blues Again" is about displacement and tell you why Dylan would think of a senator as "showing everyone his gun". But the truth is, that wouldn't give you anything. If you can't feel it, you can't get anything out of it; you can sneer and say "it's commercialism" or "it's about drugs, and I'm above it," but not only are you dead wrong, you're irrelevant.

In many ways, understanding Dylan has a lot to do with understanding yourself. For example, I can listen to "Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands" and really feel what the song is about, appreciate it, but I have no idea why "a warehouse eyes my Arabian drums" or what precise relevance that has. Yet it does make me feel something; the attempt to communicate is successful, and somehow the refrain "now a warehouse eyes my Arabian drums" has a very relevance to me and my understanding of the song. So it isn't fair to ask Dylan what the phrase means, or rather, why it works; the person I really have to ask is the person it works on -- me. And I don't know why it works -- i.e., I can't explain it. This only means that I don't understand me; I do understand Dylan -- that is, I appreciate the song as fully as I believe is possible. It's the example of the sixth grader and Robert Frost all over again.

If you really want to understand Dylan, there are perhaps a few things you can do. Read the poems on the backs of his records; read his book when it comes out. But, above all, listen to his albums; listen carefully, and openly, and you will see a world unfold before you. And, if you can't see his songs by listening to them, then I'm afraid that all the explaining in the world will only sink you that much deeper in your sand trap.

We have established, I hope, that art is not interpreted, but experienced. (Whether Dylan's work is art is not a question I'm interested in debating at the moment. I believe it is; if you don't, you probably shouldn't have read this far). With that in mind, let's take a cursory look at *Blonde on Blonde*, an excellent album which everyone with any admiration for Bob Dylan's work should rush out and buy at once.

Two things stand out: the uniform high quality of the songs (in the past Dylan's lps have usually, in my opinion, been quite uneven) chosen for this extra-long lp; and the wonderful, wonderful accompaniments. Not only is Dylan's present band, including him-





self on harmonica, easily the best back-up band in the country, but they appear able to read his mind. On this album, they almost inevitably do the right thing at the right time; they do perfect justice to each of his songs, and that is, by no means, a minor accomplishment. *Blonde on Blonde* is, in many ways, the quality of the sound, the decision as to what goes where in what order, the mixing of the tracks, the timing, etc. — one of the best-produced records ever, and producer Bob Johnston deserves immortality at least. Certainly, Dylan's songs have never been better presented.

And they really are fine songs. It's hard to pick a favorite; I think mine is "Memphis Blues Again", a chain of anecdotes bound together by an evocative chorus ("Oh, Mama, can this really be the end, to be stuck inside of Mobile with the Memphis blues again?"). Dylan relates specific episodes and emotions in his off-hand, impressionistic manner, somehow making the universal specific and then making it universal again in that oh-so-accurate refrain. The arrangement is truly beautiful; never have I heard the organ played so effectively (Al Kooper, take a bow).

"I Want You" is a delightful song. The melody is attractive and very catchy; Dylan's voice is more versatile than ever; and the more I listen to the musicians backing him up the more impressed I become. They can't be praised enough. The song is light-hearted, but fantastically honest; perhaps what is most striking about it is its inherent innocence. Dylan has a remarkably healthy attitude towards sex, and he makes our society look sick in comparison (it is). Not that he's trying to put down anybody else's

values — he simply says what he feels, and he manages to make desire charming in doing so. That is so noble an achievement that I can forgive him his pun about the "Queen of spades" (besides, the way he says, "I did it... because time is on his side" is worth the price of the album).

"Obviously Five Believers" is the only authentic rock 'n' roll song on the album, and it reflects Dylan's admiration of the early rock 'n' rollers. Chuck Berry and Larry Williams are clear influences. "I'd tell you what it means if I just didn't have to try so hard," sings Bob. It's a joyous song; harp, guitar, vocal and lyrics are all groovy enough to practically unseat Presley retroactively.

"Rainy Day Women #12 and 35" (the uncut original) is brilliant in its simplicity: in a way, it's Dylan's answer to the uptight cats who are looking for messages. This one has a message, and it couldn't be clearer, or more outrageously true. But somehow TIME Magazine still managed to miss the point: they think that "Everybody must get stoned" means that everyone should go out and get high on drugs (Whaaa?). Evidently, they didn't hear where Bob says (about 200 times) that "They stone ya..." Oh, well — everybody must get stoned.

I could go on and on, but I'm trying hard not to. The album is notable for its sense of humor ("Leopard Skin Pillbox Hat" and "Pledging My Time" and much else), its pervading, gentle irony (in "4th Time Around", for example), its general lack of bitterness, and, above all, its fantastic sensitivity ("Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands" should become a classic); and, incidentally, whoever decided it would sound

best all alone on a side, instead of with some other songs before and after it, deserves a medal for good taste.

"(Sooner or Later) One of Us Must Know" is another favorite of mine: in its simplicity it packs a punch that a more complex song would often pull. "Visions of Johanna" is rich but carefully subdued ("the country music station plays soft, but there's nothing, really nothing to turn off"...I love that); Dylan's world, which in *Highway 61* seemed to be bubbling over the edges of its cauldron, now seems very much in his control. Helplessness is still the prevalent emotion ("honey, why are you so hard"), but chaos has been relegated to the periphery. Love is all-important, and love, as everyone knows, has a certain sense of order about it, rhyme if not reason. No one has to ask (I hope) what "I Want You" is about, or "Absolutely Sweet Marie", or "Just Like A Woman", which I want to cut out of the album and mail to everybody. The songs are still a swirl of imagery, but it is a gentler, less cyclonic swirl — more like autumn leaves.

*Blonde on Blonde* is a cache of emotion, a well-handled package of excellent music and better poetry, blended and meshed and ready to become a part of your reality. Here is a man who will speak to you, a 1960's bard with electric lyre, and color slides, a truthful man with x-ray eyes you can look through if you want. All you have to do is listen. (Paul Williams publishes, writes, edits and distributes a magazine called *Crawdaddy* in which this essay originally appeared. Subscriptions are \$2.00 for 6 issues from *Crawdaddy*, 20 Mellen Street, Cambridge, Mass., 02138.) □



# WE READ YOUR MAIL



We invite all readers to send comments, criticism, questions and requests to:  
**WE READ YOUR MAIL, HIT PARADER.**  
**CHARLTON BUILDING, DERBY, CONN.**

Dear Editor:

I would like to comment on "We Read Your Mail" in the September issue. I go along with Dean Gurver in Seattle, Washington. I think Hit Parader is a great magazine and so do another two million teenagers in Alabama.

Also, I certainly did enjoy your article on the Cyrkle.

Sincerely,  
Mike Strong  
Opelika, Ala.

PS: You can tell "Miss voted teenager writer" and her friends and parents to "drop dead."

Dear Editor:

BLESS YOUR HEARTS!!! I could kiss you when you print a picture of Eric Burdon in your magazine...or any little bit of information on him or the Animals. Unfortunately, a LITTLE is all I've seen lately!

You have presented large features on the Rolling Stones, the Byrds, the Lovin' Spoonful, and assorted others (ALWAYS the Beatles! Although I enjoy the Beatles, I am frankly a little sick and tired of seeing 2/3 of a magazine devoted to them!)...so PLEASE, a nice BIG special Animal section!

Perhaps you could corner Mr. Burdon and hash out some of the Animals' latest achievements, and a little more about this Blues thing. In regard to their music, I am particularly curious about an article I read, which quoted Mr. Burdon as saying that he hated "It's My Life." I cannot understand why! I thought it was great, and the message was intriguing!

Having finally purchased the album, "Animal Tracks," I found the selection, "For Miss Caulker," to be positively beautiful (for lack of better description). "The Story of Bo Diddley" is positively fabulous, also. I haven't laughed so much in years! (I have a weird sense of humor). Also, I am curious as to why, in most of the songs Eric Burdon has written, somewhere "the Rolling Stones" pop up. Why not the Yardbirds, the Who, the Manfred Mann?

In the event you chance to print this letter, and in the event one of the Animals accidently reads it...if you fellas do another college tour, PLEASE come to the University of Oregon! I'm begging you, (Is there another way to persuade them to come here...if so, let me know and I'll get at it!)

I am a Sociology major at the University of Oregon, and am also quite interested and pleased to learn that Mr. Burdon is writing a book on social problems. I hope, by some chance or another, that I may obtain that book when it is published, if someone will be kind enough to inform the public where and how to get it.

One last comment, although I sometimes worry about Mr. Jenkins, and Mr. Rowberry, (I haven't grown accustomed to the absence of Steel and Price), my general opinion of the Animals is: they're dolls (etc.) and fabulous musicians. I get a lot of static from friends who think that anybody 22 years old (or anyone over 15) is out of his mind to like any group other than the Tijuana Brass (I like them too), and continually put me down because of it. However, to quote that fab song "It's my mind, and I'll think what I want"...therefore, Viva Los Animals! and all that jazz.

May I add, I enjoy Hit Parader very much, and try not to miss an issue. Keep up the good work. BLESS YOUR HEARTS!!!!

A Frustrated Animal Fan,  
Eugene, Oregon

PS: In regard to Mr. John Silber's letter (Sept. issue) "I would like to comment on statements made by Mr. Burdon in regard to rock and roll and blues: You tell em baby!"...followed by a picture of Mr. Burdon, with a caption: "Eric thinking of what to tell em"... Did he ever think of what to tell 'em? Huh? I'm listening, baby!

Eric is still thinking.

Dear Editor:

I bought the first copy of Hit Parader (Sept. issue) that I had gotten in ages, and you've become one of the best music mags I've ever read. I can't get over your fantastic spread on the Spoonful, because when I first heard of them from Fritz Richmond of Jim Kweskin's bunch they were just a bunch of loons with a weird name to me. I couldn't really believe all the tall talking Fritz did about them but then I heard "Magic" and all I could say was wow! When I had talked to Zal he seemed too wacked out to do much of anything. Now I know I was very wrong, and every time I read about the Spoonful it knocks me out to think that this out-of-sight group is the bunch I wondered about. What can I say except thanks for all you've done about them and for them.

Another group you've noticed is the Remains. I met them when they were little more than a local group with one local hit to their credit. I watched them play with the Supremes, C&J, DC5, and Gary Lewis, and they got better each time. I bought their second record, "I Can't Get Away From You", and their third record, which by the way is a gas, "Diddy Wah Diddy." I have been hoping to start a fan club for them and have just heard that they played with the Beatles. And now you've done a story on them, so I know they've really "made it" in the music scene.

One more thing - I wish you wouldn't knock

the Barbarians. It's groups like them, the Remains, the Lost, and the Rockin' Ramrods, who put Boston on the "pop map." They have a groovy sound, and are a bunch of really fantastic guys. I didn't agree with the girls who said the Hermits are warped (I love 'em) but I did agree that the Barbarians are boss, and maybe you'd just better pay a little more attention to them. OK?

In closing I'd just like to let the whole world know I love the Spoonful, that more groovier guys can't be found (except maybe the Beatles) and I couldn't be happier about John's marriage to Lorey. I wish them all the luck and happiness in the world, and I hope you will too. Keep up the good work.

Best,  
Jackie Alman  
Newton, Mass.

Thank you for your kind words. In an upcoming issue John Sebastian will interview Fritz Richmond.

Dear Editor:

You've got a great and groovy magazine going for you and for us. It's refreshing to find a music publication which has enough backbone to put down some of the non-musical creeps currently popular, despite their unexplainable success, and to feature artists whom large-scale success eludes (for, now, at least.) I've really enjoyed records by some people I'd never have heard of if it hadn't been for you guys.

I think a monthly record chart would be a great substitute for the deceased (finally) Horoscope and a list of readers' favorites would be even better. But please don't neglect "Platter Chatter." It's great (and groovy) as it is.

I'd like to add another enigma to your list of secrets that neither time nor science has unlocked - why do some radio stations feel compelled to decide which songs have acceptable lyrics and which are dirty and/or evil? Barring certain records in the name of good taste is one thing; even I must admit that "Rhapsody In The Rain" was a little too much. But who has the right to force his interpretation of lyrics down our throats by not letting us hear the song and make our own decisions? For example, most of the important radio stations around here refuse to play "Five-D" by the Byrds because they believe the lyrics are based on a drug trip. Regardless of its possible origin, that song contains more beauty and truth than several dozen "Paperback Writer's" and "Sweet Pea's". And for that matter, some songs that are played on-the-hour-every-hour can easily be interpreted as dirty. Look at "Hanky Panky" or the precious Beatles' "Day Tripper." It really gets me that certain groups can put out any old trash and it is received with loud hallelujahs, while unknown groups trying to get a start have a hard time getting anything played, no matter how talented they are.

Please tell me which Lovin' Spoonful songs are dirty. Well, D.J. Jim Mitchell thinks some



are and I'm curious. Either I'm very corrupted or extremely naive, since I fail to recognize them. Whichever way, I feel kinda sorry for him.

And will "Hit Parader" be banned in Boston, or more probably North Dakota, because it prints the naughty lyrics of no-no songs?

One other thing which is totally unrelated to my favorite tirade - what's Gene Clark doing now? Please publish more articles on the Byrds and Gene. I think they're the greatest, double meaning or no.

Thank you for being so unconventionally good. It's unusual.

Please don't read any double meanings into that.

Nancy Edmonds  
Hillsboro, N.D.



We hope you caught the article on Gene Clark in the November Hit Parader.

Dear Editor:

I don't think the Lovin' Spoonful or the Yardbirds are all that hot. The Lovin' Spoonful and the Yardbirds are lousy and have made only 5 hits each. You had an article about how the Lovin' Spoonful conquered England. That's all wrong, the Lovin' Spoonful couldn't conquer their own hometown. Their hometown got rid of them because they were lousy, phony, needed a haircut, and made bad records. As for the Yardbirds, their records and albums are very bad. Their albums are bader than bad breath. And that's bad. If anybody's going to conquer England it will be the surfing Beach Boys. Now don't get me wrong, I am not a Beach Boy fan. The thing that gets me is that two groups make 5 hits each and they get the whole Hit Parader to themselves. Why don't you forget them and write some articles on the Kinks, Stones, Paul Revere and The Raiders, Turtles, Love, Standells, Manfred Mann, Animals, Temptations, or the Zombies. You've been putting too many pictures and pages on these two phony groups. Why don't

you write a big section on the fabulous, superb Rolling Stones? Forget those other phony groups, including big mouth John Lennon and his Quiet Beatles. Why don't the Beatles quit and leave John Lennon alone. Paul could write songs and they (George, Paul and Ringo) could sing them.

"A Stone Fan"  
Los Angeles, California



If you're such a devoted Stones fan how could you have missed our 3 recent issues (Aug. '66, April '66, Nov. '65) with special sections on the Rolling Stones?

Dear Editor:

This is in reference to "The Scene", Oct., issue. Just who the 'oo oo' does Len Barry, if that's his real name, think he is? The Beatles, Stones, and Animals, next to the Yardbirds, are the most fantastic groups to come along in ages. Even his taste is untalented. Freddie and the Dreamers is the worst group to come out of England and the McCoys is the worst group to come out of America. And he's one to talk. It's pathetic, the way he slaughtered the once good song of 'Somewhere'. My parakeet can sing it better.

To put it plainly...Len Barry stinks (probably in more ways than one.). He is about the lousiest orator, you can't call him a singer, to hit the earth.

At least we know he can count.

1-2-3 everybody!

Dave,  
Napa, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Two issues of Hit Parader have induced me to write you this letter. I have some points which I feel should be made to you and your readers.

I think that I can honestly say I have read almost all the "fan" or rock and roll magazines around and from this I've come to the conclusion that most such magazines can

be put into one of two classes. The first is the "screamy-teeny picture pin-up mag", filled with color and juicy headlines about "Ringo Confesses All" (which, incidentally, adds up to the loved one's confession of his weakness for cornflakes) these magazines are filled with hip language and constantly feed praise to the two or three "top" groups - usually the Beatles, Herman's Hermits, and the Rolling Stones. In one word - trash.

The other class is one that is made up of factual, serious, realistic write-ups written in a mature, adult fashion. Their aim is to give a true realistic account and criticism of the music and the singers. The only magazine that I feel is an example of this is the folk-music publication "Singout".

HP has me stumped. Though your articles are realistic and give an excellent write-up of the people or music under discussion, the visual appearance and, I am sorry to say, some articles are first rate material for the latest screamy-teeny mag. I wish you would head your magazine in the direction of "Singout". There is no such magazine in the R&R field and one is much needed.

In your October '66 issue, I read with interest and much disagreement the letter written by Judy Griffith. It is apparent that she took a childish, narrow-minded view in writing her letter. Nor does she know much about the popularity of R&B. Miss Griffith is certainly entitled to her opinion but she has no right to condemn a particular type of music simply because it is not her own preference. There is enough room in HP for all types of music - be it Dean Martin, Johnny Mathis, Peter, Paul and Mary, and the Beach Boys, Gene Pitney or Phil Ochs. Miss Griffith should also realize that current magazines cannot be expected to print material on performers who are a bit passe. Personally, I feel her views are dim, childish, poorly thought out, narrow-minded and not even very intelligent.

Finally, I'd like to add a ton of praise for your section on the Beach Boys in the October issue. Though some parts were teeny trash, the two articles, "Brian Wilson, Brian Behind the Beach Boys" and "Building the Beach Boy Empire" were fantastic. I have always been a constant fan of this utterly fabulous group but your articles helped me to truly appreciate the talent they possess and, of course, the genius of Brian Wilson. I now feel that Brian is the top, even over the popular, but, in my opinion, not so dedicated or meticulous team of Lennon and McCartney. I wonder if other groups put as much consideration into each and every aspect of a recording.

Thanks again for the first decent article on a fantastic group that I've seen yet.

Sincerely,  
Andrea Lorens  
Cranston, Rhode Island

Please don't tell anybody, but our covers and some of the article titles are designed to attract

(Continued on page 61)



# **XMAS is coming!** *for the gift of a lifetime!* **CHARLES of FIFTH AVENUE**

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## WE READ YOUR MAIL



(Continued from page 59)

readers of the "baloney pin up mags" to give them a taste of our sincere, factual coverage of the pop music scene.

About the Beatles music...they're just as dedicated as the Beach Boys. Their "Revolver" lp took 10 weeks of hard work and experimentation to complete.

Dear Editor:

I have just read "The Scene" in the Oct. issue. I think Len Barry is right about the singing groups of today. They do look rather dirty and sloppy, and most of them look like females and not males. I can't say I don't like their records, 'cause most of them sound good.

Sincerely,  
Gloria Rocha  
Tampa, Florida

Dear Editor:

Hit Parader is the best teen magazine on the stands today. I'd never bought Hit Parader until the September issue when I saw the section on the Spoonful. That was the grooviest thing I'd ever seen.

I was shocked at some of the letters I saw in **We Read Your Mail**, saying such awful things about your magazine. The one that really surprised me was the one from the girl who signed herself as Miss voted teenager writer. She made the statement that it was people like you who made other people into sex fools. Well, if that is her opinion she must either be some kind of fool or else she has got a warped mind.

Truthfully, I was really shocked when she told you to drop dead. Anyone who would make such a statement needs some kind of help. And if her parents agree with her like she says they do, well, it sounds like a family of true nuts.

Hit Parader is the best mag around. Keep it up and it will become the number one mag.

A true fan to you,  
Donna Fiorella  
Metairie, Louisiana

Dear Sir:

I feel that **Hit Parader** is the magazine on music and groups because it's geared to fans (OOPS! Dirty word! Make that "appreciators".) who are more interested in how a group comes about, their sound, etc., and ignoring completely their favorite flavor of salad dressing. I feel compelled to comment, though a month late, on the fantastic interview with the Byrds

(I'd like to say that I'm the chapter president, but we don't have a local chapter yet.), who are the greatest things America has turned out since California. It's a well-known "fact" that the Beatles, George Harrison in particular, turned the music world on to the sitar and Eastern sounds, but no one seems to know that it was Byrd Dave Crosby that got George on it, nor that it was Byrd leader Jim McGuinn that taught him how to play it. Oh well. Such is life. I am so hung up on them, their sound, everything about them that I could go on for the rest of your letters column, and I couldn't possibly thank you enough, so I'll change the subject.

In the October issue, I disagree with Judy Griffith. Hit Parader is the best magazine on the stands, second only to MAD, which is something else again. I say that if she wants color pin-ups she should buy others, which are also good for finding out how many times Herman brushed his teeth on the U.S. tour. And please listen while I sound off at Len Barry. Calling the Stones fakes? Putting Freddie and the Dreamers (whatever happened to them?) and Herman's Hermits above the Beatles and Dylan? And then saying that the Animals and the great Spoonful are no-talents? Where does he get off? People like him should be committed before they do any damage.

I also thank you for the Beatle special. While I am not a serious fan (oops! did it again) of theirs, I enjoyed it.

I sympathize with David Rotenberg, and I'd write to him except for about 5 years of age between us. But Dave, I know how ya feel, I've got the same problem here. If the age doesn't bother ya, send up a flair.

In conclusion may I request more on: the Byrds, the Blues Project, the We Five, and the Association.

Thank you for your time, and keep up the great work.

Respectfully yours,  
Ryan Gale  
Salt Lake City, Utah

Dear Editor:

I just finished reading the August issue of "Hit Parader." It was the first issue that I bought and I was most impressed by the stories, columns and articles. I especially like the articles on the Rolling Stones. I simply adore this group, particularly Keith Richards. So when I was reading the letters to the Editor and saw that you had an article on Keith in a past issue, I almost died. So could you do me a favor? Let me know somehow or other how I can get a copy of the last April issue.

I'm willing to pay anything (almost) for it. Help! I'm really dying over this. Thank you.

Sincerely,  
Diane Albertini  
Media, Pa.

Just send forty cents (.40) plus a used tooth brush, 7 goat whiskers and 22 box tops from m.l. ammo crates (not really) to Hit Parader, Dept. HP-1166, Charlton Building, Derby, Conn.

## •COMING ON STRONG

(As recorded by Brenda Lee/Decca)  
**DAVID WILKINS**

Coming on strong, coming on strong  
I can feel the heartaches, coming on strong  
I can feel the teardrops, the pain and sorrow  
Ever since you've been gone  
They've been coming on strong.

Pain come on in  
Hello sorrow I see you're back again  
Teardrops, glad you dropped by  
'Cause you can help drown my pride  
And since you're here  
The time seems just fine  
To let you know that you're gonna be with me  
Till I lose my mind  
You've been gone much too long  
And I can feel the heartache coming on strong  
Only thing you left me  
Was misery for company  
Memories of a love gone wrong  
That keep coming on strong, coming on strong,  
coming on strong, coming on strong.  
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## •I CAN'T CONTROL MYSELF

(As recorded by The Troggs/Atco)  
**PRESLEY**

Oh no  
I can't stand still cause you've got me going  
Your slacks are low and your hips are showing  
I'll take you girl as you're standing there  
Your low-cut slacks and your long black hair  
Don't want you going round with no one else  
'Cause when I'm with you I can't control myself.

My defense is down and you got me shakin'  
You got me so that my nerves are breakin'  
If you knew me like I know you, girl  
Your knees would bend and your hair would curl  
You make me move  
Yeah like no one else  
And when I'm with you I can't control myself.

I've got this feeling that's inside of me  
It makes me think of how things used to be  
It makes me feel all right  
When I'm with you at night and we love, and we love.

You fill me so with this big temptation  
This kind of feeling could move a nation  
I'm okay when I'm here with you  
I do the things that you want me to  
We'll do these things except for no one else  
When I'm with you I can't control myself  
I can't control myself  
I can't control myself  
I can't control myself.

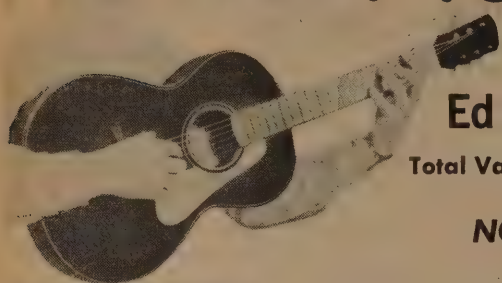
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## •LADY GODIVA

(As recorded by Peter & Gordon/  
Capitol)

**LEANDER**

**MILLS**

Seventeen, a beauty queen

She made a ride that caused a scene in  
a town

Her long blond hair

Hangin' down around her knees

All the cats who dig strip tease

Prayin' for a little breeze

Her long blond hair fallin' down across  
her arms

Hiding all the lady's charms

Lady Godiva, she found fame and made  
her name

A Hollywood director came into town  
And said to her "How'd you like to be  
a star

You're a girl who could go far  
Especially dressed the way you are

She smiled at him, gave her pretty head  
a shake

That was Lady G's mistake, hey, hey,  
hey

Lady Godiva, he directs certificate X

And people now are craning their necks  
to see her

'Cause she's a star one that everybody  
knows

Finished with her strip tease shows

Now she can afford her clothes

Her long blond hair lying on the barber's  
floor

Doesn't need it long anymore

Lady Godiva.

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# Platter Chatter

FIFTH DIMENSION is the third and best album from the Byrds. If your friendly neighborhood radio station banned "Eight Miles High" and "5-D" you can listen to them here and discover that there's nothing suggestive about them. The only danger in this album is that it might addict you to groovy music. The Byrds are playing better than ever and the songs range from some real nice folky tunes, "Wild Mountain Thyme" and "I Come And Stand At Every Door," to their own arrangement of the popular "Hey Joe", to their latest hit, "Mr. Spaceman", to a unique "2-4-2 Fox Trot (The Lear Jet Song)" which uses sound effects similar to those on the Beatles "Yellow Submarine"...but the Byrds did it first. (COLUMBIA CS 9349)

TIM HARDIN 1 is the long-awaited album debut by a legendary modern folk artist. For years Tim Hardin has been on the scene writing, singing and playing songs in a very personal style that combines folk, blues, country and jazz. Outstanding. If you liked the Beatles "Yesterday" you should dig Tim's "How Can We Hang On To A Dream", "Don't make Promises" and "It'll Never Happen Again". "Green Rocky Road" and "Smugglin' Man" are nice too. John Sebastian provides harmonica accompaniment on some tracks. (VERVE FOLKWAYS FT-3004)

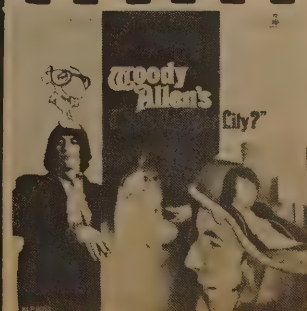
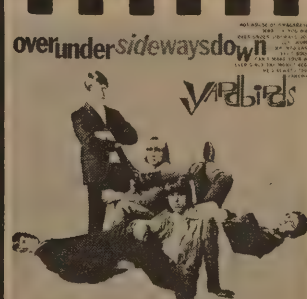
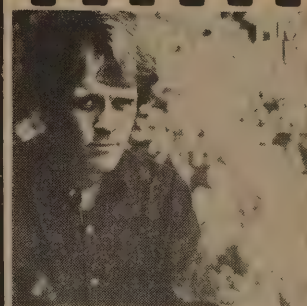
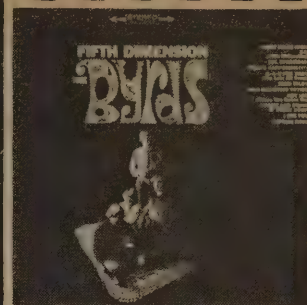
OVER UNDER SIDEWAYS DOWN is yet another expedition into the seemingly boundless musical territory of the Yardbirds. Together with the Beatles and the Lovin' Spoonful, the Yardbirds form the triumvirate of originality in pop music today. "Ever Since The World Began" begins with primitive-sounding chants and winds up in the outer space regions of Jeff's guitar. "I Can't Make Your Way", an appealing tune with interesting lyrics, combines the sound of a fuzz box guitar with a parallel harmonica melody. It was based on Groffe's "Grand Canyon Suite". All the other cuts on the album are groovy too. (EPIC LN 24210)

DIZZY GILLESPIE, not Al Hirt or Herb Albert, truly deserves the title "The greatest trumpet player of them all". This album in RCA Victor's excellent Vintage series traces Dizzy's musical development from a talented sideman in Teddy Hill's Orchestra to one of the leading exponents of modern jazz. Dizzy's big-band sound, recorded in the late 1940's, is still copied today. Included are jazz classics like "Jumpin' With Symphony Sid", "Woody'n You", "Night In Tunisia", "52nd Street Theme" and lots more. There's some nice be-bop and scat vocalizing and, of course, Dizzy's unparalleled trumpet playing. (RCA VICTOR LPV-530)

"WHAT'S UP, TIGER LILLY?" is an interesting soundtrack with several vocal performances. "Speakin' Of Spoken", "Unconscious Minuet" and "Lookin' To Spy" feature some nice guitar and percussion. The vocals are pleasant. Unfortunately, some of the more interesting things we heard in the recording studio, like the wretch horn and the plucked piano strings and all the inventive 30-second bits, never made the album. But that's show biz. The music was created and performed by The Lovin' Spoonful. (KAMA SUTRA KLP-8053)

LOU RAWLS SOULIN' establishes Lou as a top blues singer. A swinging orchestra, conducted and arranged by H.B. Barnum, backs "Love Is A Hurtin' Thing", "You're The One", and "What Now My Love." "It Was A Very Good Year" and "Old Folks" are connected by a monologue like Lou uses in his in-person performances. (CAPITOL T-2566)

HEY! LET'S PARTY is one of those albums that combines several different types of music. The swinging band of Mongo Santamaria, a leading Afro-Cuban jazz group, turns to rock 'n' roll and rhythm & blues. The result is alive, jumping, exciting and even danceable. "I Can't Get No Satisfaction", "Shotgun", "Louie, Louie", "I Got You" and several others really cook. On "Call Me" a butterfly-gentle flute is backed by an insistent rhythm for a groovy effect. Listen to this album and jump up and down a little. (COLUMBIA CS 9273)





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# MY Favorite Records



By Danny Kalb  
(lead guitarist with the Blues Project)

My favorite album is "The Best Of Muddy Waters" on Chess. It's my super-favorite album because it's classically arranged and articulated in the blues style on every level. It's an electric album which shows the coming together of the old blues and the new blues. Some of it was recorded a long time ago and the rest of it is the middle period of Muddy. Little Walter is in the band. On every level it's satisfying.

I think of "Hoochie Coochie Man" which Muddy does as kind of soft. He holds back on it. But the tension that builds up in that album - between the voice and the harmonica - it's a subdued scream but always artistic. This is something a lot of rock and roll musicians don't understand: the extreme, exquisite nuance of tension built up between instruments in a band. This album absolutely has it, plus the text of the songs - it's just fantastic. "Standing Around Crying" and "Louisiana Blues" and all the others. Muddy Waters is my favorite total blues artist, both as a songwriter and performer.

Another album I love very much is the Django Reinhardt LP on RCA Victor called "Djangology". I guess you'd call this music European jazz. He's just a beautiful guitar player. Certain tunes have sort of a "Michelle" type flavor. The most incredible guitar player you'll ever hear play with two fingers, which is what he used because his fingers were burned in a fire. It's a record for every guitar

player to own and learn from. It teaches you about gentle music. It also teaches you how to swing without being overly loud.

At random, there are a lot of blues LPs that I like. The new one on Vanguard called "Chicago - The Blues Today, Vol. III" that Sam Charters recorded. It has James Cotten and the great guitarist Otis Rush and, of course, I like "Rubber Soul". It is the theme song of youth today.

Then there's a Chico Hamilton album, "Man of Two Worlds" on Impulse, with Charles Lloyd on it. I haven't heard Lloyd's solo albums, but he's a very beautiful musician. The guitarist on that album, Gabor Szabo, is also very beautiful. Szabo is a guitarist with a very interesting sound. He uses a Martin flat-top guitar with a pick-up, and he's very melodic, unlike a lot of jazz guitarists who copy saxophone players. That's a bad bag because they forget what a guitar is. He's bringing the guitar back to the guitar and back to melody.



Muddy is my favorite blues artist.

A lot of jazz guitarists do a thing totally with chords - running up and running back - and it's very boring. This is one of the reasons I'm interested in going from blues into whatever other things I do - call it jazz, if you want - because of the strength of the primary sounds, the melodic things. Szabo uses tonality in a very exciting way with a far out mind. The arrangement of the composition by Charles Lloyd, "Forest Flower", is exquisite. I'd like to hear Lloyd play with a rock group behind him. In fact, I'd like it to be the Blues Project. □



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# WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT PIMPLES

**Acne, Blackheads, and other  
externally caused Skin Blemishes**



**W**HEN pimply skin is your problem, the first thing to get straight is that you can and *should* do something about it. To develop the attractiveness of your face is not mere vanity. It is an "open sesame" towards bringing the real YOU closer to other people and giving your personality the poise and confidence it needs. Your good qualities — intelligence, character, dignity — all go to naught... are completely cancelled out by a skin that "nobody loves to touch." Remember, the YOU that people see first is your face.

## SKIN PROBLEMS DEMAND IMMEDIATE CARE

Medical statistics tell us that blemished skin usually occurs from adolescence on through adult life. The problem at the adolescent stage is serious enough to deserve attentive care as a family matter. In adulthood, when life's responsibilities are so much weightier, it is doubly important to exert great effort to eliminate these blemishes. And, there is no better time to get pimples under control than *now*.

## DON'T ABUSE SKIN

The first instinctive reaction to pimples and blackheads is to squeeze them out with your fingers. A bit of experimentation along these lines soon provides convincing proof that this succeeds only in inflaming your skin and spreading the infection. Under no circumstances should pimples and blackheads ever be squeezed.



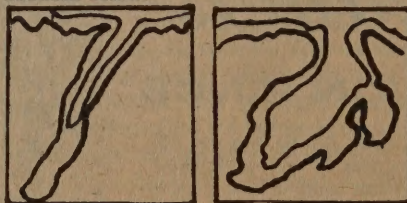
## MICROSCOPE SHOWS IMPORTANT BASIS FOR EXTERNALLY CAUSED PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS

Let's take a look through the microscope to see what's behind those unsightly pimples. The high-powered lenses show your skin coated with a covering which originated from two sources—one, internally and the other, externally.

The internal substances on your skin include dead cells, residue from the sweat glands, and a high quantity of oil excreted by the sebaceous glands. A most important factor in skin disorders occurs when thousands of these tiny sebaceous glands discharge more oil than the skin can use for lubrication. Unless special care is given, the oil forms a heavy film which attracts foreign matter to your skin much as any oil mop picks up dust. These infectious external substances may be classified into three general groups:

1. Airborne materials such as dust, pollen, condensation products of smoke, vapors, etc.
2. Materials brought in contact with the skin, such as tiny fragment of clothing, bedding, cosmetics.
3. Micro-organisms such as bacteria and fungi.

See the difference between a healthy skin and a pimply skin in the microscopic reproductions below.



**A.**  
Normal skin

**B.**  
Sick, pimply skin

Diagram A shows a normal-size smoothly functioning sebaceous gland. Diagram B pictures sick, pimply skin. Notice that the sebaceous gland is a swollen mass of trapped oil, waste and infectious bacteria.

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Patients with papular acne also showed *distinct improvement*.

These clinical tests established the fact that *Demoderm* is a useful remedy in the treatment of non-pustular acne and comedones (blackheads) and a desirable adjuvant in post-acute therapy.

*NOW Demoderm* is being made available to the public at large through this medium, and with each bottle we will send *free* our booklet on skin care with *Demoderm*.

## SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

We know what the *Demoderm* treatment has done for others, so we want you to try it at our risk. A few minutes a day invested in our treatment can yield more gratifying results than you ever dared hope for. This is what we say to you: If you are not delighted in every way by the improved condition and general appearance of your skin in just 10 days, simply return the unused portion and we will refund not only the price you paid — but **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!** Can anything be fairer than that? You have everything to gain... and we take all the risk!

How to get the *Demoderm* Treatment immediately: Just send your name and address to

**JUNE HOWARD CO.,**

Dp. J-17 234 Fifth Ave. N.Y., N.Y. 10001

By return mail we will ship the *Demoderm* treatment to you in a plain package. When the postman delivers the package, pay only \$1.98 plus postage for a 4-week supply or \$3.00 plus postage for an 8-week supply. Or, if you wish to save postal fee, send \$1.98 for a 4-week supply or \$3.00 for an 8-week supply now and we will pay postage. Which ever way you order, the double refund guarantee still applies. Don't delay another minute, send for *Demoderm* Skin Lotion with free booklet at once! Sorry, no Canadian C.O.D.'s.



# STRICTLY PERSONAL ITEMS YOU CAN ORDER BY MAIL!

you  
are the  
STAR!

Beautiful  
Silk Finish

## SWAP PHOTOS

**GOLDENTONE** 28 for \$2 60 for \$4  
**SILVERTONE** 28 for \$1 60 for \$2

You'll be proud to swap these great wallet-sized photos...a handy 2½" x 3½". Lovely "goldentone" tends to cover blemishes and add a "professional" look to your pictures.

Gives just the right highlights and soft ones to give your photos the "studio-quality" look! Think how relatives will enjoy receiving them, use them for applications, identification.

WALLET PHOTO CO., P.O. BOX R-1, MILLBURN, N.J.

Please Send me: Silvertone ☐ 28 for \$1 ☐ 60 for \$2  
Goldentone ☐ 28 for \$2 ☐ 60 for \$4

(Add 50¢ FOR RUSH SERVICE. Add postage & insurance 25¢ for 28 wallets, 50¢ for 60 wallets)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

Enclosed is check, cash or money order. (No C.O.D.'s.)

Changes YOUR  
Ordinary Picture Into  
One Of Exciting Richness!

PERSONALIZED PENS WITH YOUR NAME IN  
BRIGHT GOLD!

5 Ink Colors  
In 5 Matching

**BALL POINT  
PENS** only \$1

A handsome set and handy as could be...includes: • RED • GOLD • GREEN • BLUE • BLACK. Assorted colors make them useful for identification labeling. No split orders...same name must appear on all 5 pens in set. Name limited to 24 characters and spaces.



WALLET PHOTO CO., P.O. BOX R-1, MILLBURN, N.J.

Please send me.....set(s) of 5 Matching Ball Point Pens @ \$1.00 per set. Imprint Set(s) as follows: (please print—limit to 24 characters & space)

Set No. 1 \_\_\_\_\_

Set No. 2 \_\_\_\_\_

Set No. 3 \_\_\_\_\_

Set No. 4 \_\_\_\_\_

Set No. 5 \_\_\_\_\_

(Note: same name must appear on all 5 pens in set)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Enclosed is check, cash or money order (No C.O.D.'s)  
(Add 15¢ postage & handling)



Custom-matched to  
your own hair color...  
yours to wear a  
dozen different ways!

**PONY TAIL**  
... what a buy at ONLY \$1

See what beautiful fun it is to switch to a new hair-do, in a wink! It's easy-to-manage, natural-looking, long-lasting Dynel, a full 18" long. Wear it as a pony tail, or try one of these exciting styles:



Wear it  
as a bun  
high in back



Wear it  
as a draped  
pony tail



Wear it  
as a bun on  
the side

WALLET PHOTO CO., P.O. BOX R-1, MILLBURN, N.J.

Please send me my own custom-matched Pony Tail. I enclose a lock of my hair for color matching.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

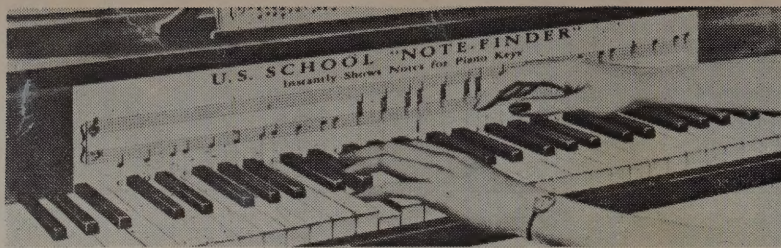
Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

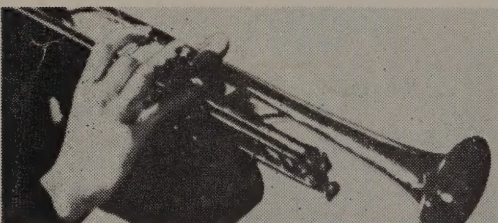
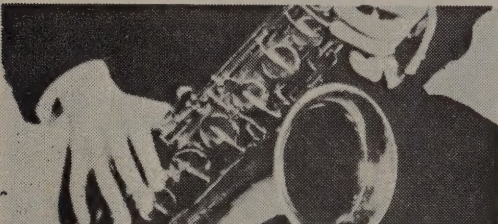
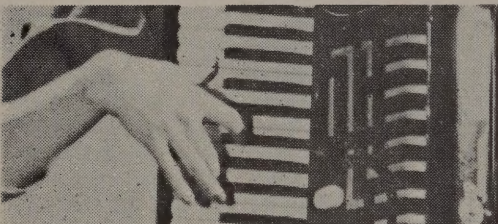
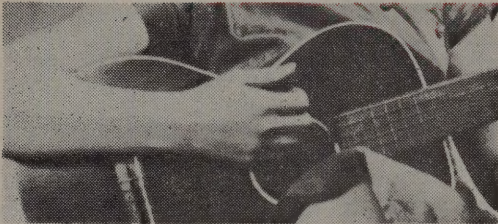
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Enclosed is check, cash, money order (no C.O.D.'s)  
Add 30¢ postage and handling.





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**EXCITED - DELIGHTED** - "I'm so excited, thrilled and delighted with this magnificent Course that it's difficult to 'go slowly.' Instructions are easily understood. And I enjoy the fact that I can practice and study at my own time and speed."

**Clara J. Napoleon**  
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**Dwight Bullard**  
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**T** EACH *yourself* music? Yes, you can — and you'll be amazed how easy it is! Piano, guitar, accordion, saxophone — any popular instrument — you can teach yourself to play it *right away*. It's all possible thanks to the remarkable home-study Course offered to you now by the famous U.S. School of Music.

### You Learn Quickly, Easily

This superb Course shows you how to play your favorite music *by note*. You read and play actual sheet music. There are no "gimmicks" at all. And the incredible thing is that you learn so *quickly and easily*.

The secret of this rapid success is in the Course's unique, proven method of instruction. Simple, easy-to-understand instructions tell you what to do. Then, wonderfully clear pictures *show* you just how to do it. These lessons are so well-developed and effective, you actually *teach yourself*! It's so easy that even children can learn. And you don't need any special talent, or previous experience, or even special knowledge of music!

There are no tedious scales or other boring exercises to slow you down. From the very first lesson you start playing actual tunes from sheet music. As you progress, you'll be playing more and more advanced pieces. Before you know it you'll be playing your favorite music as though you've known how all your life!

### Convenient and Economical

You'll also be delighted to discover how *convenient and economical* this

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Check the instrument you would like to play (check one only):

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|------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Piano     | <input type="checkbox"/> Steel Guitar | <input type="checkbox"/> Mandolin |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Guitar    | <input type="checkbox"/> Tenor Banjo  | <input type="checkbox"/> Violin   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Accordion | <input type="checkbox"/> Trumpet      | <input type="checkbox"/> Ukulele  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Organ—    | <input type="checkbox"/> Cornet       | <input type="checkbox"/> Clarinet |
| pipe, elec-                        | <input type="checkbox"/> Saxophone    | <input type="checkbox"/> Trombone |
| tronic, reed                       |                                       |                                   |

Do you have instrument? ☐ Yes ☐ No State..... Zip Code.....

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City.....